

From Fraser's Magazine.

SERMONS AND SERMONIZERS.*

WHEN Father Thomas Conecte preached in the great towns and cities of Artois, the churches were so filled that he used to be hoisted in the middle of the church by a cord in order to be heard; "On fut obligé," says Helyot, "de le suspendre au milieu de l'église avec une corde, afin qu'il put être entendu de tout le monde." If we are to believe the reverend writer in the preface to Messrs. Griffin's collection of pulpit eloquence, no divine of the English Church is at present likely to achieve so painful a popularity. We are told so by grave episcopal authorities, "full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice," by venerable archdeacons (*vide* preface, *passim*), by well-known preachers of repute; † and the opinion during the last few years has become more or less a general one—"that taken as a whole, the preaching of the English clergy is not so attractive or so effective as it might and ought to be." Of what we conceive to be one cause of this failure we shall have hereafter to speak.

In the meanwhile we are compelled first to notice the sad and astounding fact that one young man, who claims to be a minister ‡ of the Christain religion, has leaped to the very pinnacle of popularity § among the lower classes of the greatest city in the

* *Sacred Oratory*; a Collection of Sermons by various Authors, with an Introductory Charge by Archdeacon Sinclair. London: Griffin and Co. 1856.

The New Park-street Pulpit; Sermons preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. London. 1856.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Theology. By the Rev. F. Ferguson, B.A. Glasgow. 1856.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; his extraordinary Sayings and Doings at Exeter Hall, &c. &c. *Vide Daily News*, Sept. 9, 1856.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; his extraordinary Sayings and Doings at Exeter Hall, and New Park-street Chapel, Southwark. Being a reply to the *Daily News*. London. 1856.

An Hour with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. An answer to *Why so Popular?* London. 1856.

The Gospel in Ezekiel. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. (Twelfth Thousand.) Edinburgh. 1856.

† *Vide* Rev. J. H. Gurney's Consecration sermon at Lambeth Church.

‡ A Member, we believe, of the sect of the Independents or Baptists.

§ A London paper tells us that on Sunday, Nov. DCLXVIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 41

world; and that mainly by volubility of style, strength of voice, and, it would seem, by the vulgarity, indecency, if not profanity, of his rhapsodies. We deny utterly and entirely that any such style can be *effective* in its true sense; but that it is *attractive*, the late fatal catastrophe at the Surrey Gardens affords undoubted though terrible proof. We are not about to discuss Mr. Spurgeon's doctrines, nor his right to hold any or all of them, however monstrous or however absurd. "This is a land," says Mr. Spurgeon, "where plain speaking is allowed;"* and we are content to allow the assertion to pass.

Our simple aim is to ascertain as far as we can, by a plain examination of his printed words, by what means a youth of twenty-two years of age, † of scanty education, with a bold and brassy style of speech, ‡ action not in good taste, and often inappropriate to his matter, who is continually profane in preaching (*Sermons passim*), and it is said, § also in prayer, "who fixes his eyes on the ceiling and holloas at the top of his voice;" || who speaks of all shades of opinion and all sects but his own in the most bigoted and intolerant manner, ¶ using freely such appellations as fools, blockheads, workmongers, the lost, the damned, the seducers, &c.,—has attracted congregations exceeding, we believe by thousands, the largest known in the present century.

Let us begin by seeing what he has to say for himself. His first assertion (Preface, page 1) is: "*We have most certainly departed from the usual mode of preaching, but we do not feel bound to offer even half a word of apology for so doing, since we believe ourselves free to use any manner of speech calculated to impress*," &c. &c. To this assertion we at once and most readily agree; as well as to one which precedes it, "Little can be 2nd—the day of his first public performance since the fatal meeting at the Surrey Gardens—a great crowd awaited his departure, many running after the carriage to kiss the hand which he extended from the window of his brougham.

* *New Park-street Pulpit*, vol. i. p. 301.

† *An Hour with Spurgeon*, p. 11.

‡ *Ib.*

|| *Ib.*

§ *Ib.*

¶ *Ib.*

said in praise of these sermons." Whether nothing more "bitter can be said against them than has been already spoken, whether abuse has exhausted itself, its vocabulary has been indeed used up, and its utmost venom spent," while the discourses have commanded a more and more profitable sale, Mr. Spurgeon must be far better qualified than ourselves to judge. To him, therefore, we leave the question. On one point only do we join issue: he claims for himself absolute freedom of speech, and seems to defend his practice by the assertion that Christ and his apostles used plain and familiar speech in their personal intercourse, and in speaking to the people.* That the Great Teacher used plain and familiar language in addressing the people, that He adopted the commonest forms of speech and the homeliest illustrations, we readily admit. But we deny most strongly that in the New Testament can be found a single line, nay, a single phrase or word of indecency, vulgarity, or profanity, such as adorn almost every page of the *New Park-street Pulpit*. It is impossible for words to be more simple, more homely, or more easily understood than those of the Parable of the Sower; but it is equally impossible for any words to be more solemn, more reverent, or more worthy of the Speaker, and of the divine truth He taught.

That our readers may judge for themselves how far our charge of vulgarity, indecency, and profanity, is true, we make the few following extracts from Mr. Spurgeon's printed discourses. They are taken at random, but their evidence is at once clear and unmistakable. 1. The plan of human redemption is thus described:

"Look here!—your soul is in pawn to the Devil; Christ has paid the Redemption money; you take faith for the ticket, and get your soul out of pawn."

We are not aware that Satan is represented as a pawnbroker in Scripture, or, while himself in torment, as holding conversation with Christ in glory, as the following profane words describe him:

"O, if Jesus Christ were in glory with

* *Sermons*, vol. I. p. 221:—"Christ was none of your dignitaries who pride themselves on their dignity,—none of those ecclesiastics who love to carry much of formality about them," &c. &c. "How familiar did He allow His disciples to be," &c. &c.

one of the gems wanting in His crown, and Satan had that gem in hell, he would say, 'Aha! Prince of Light and Glory, I have one of thy jewels! Aha! thou didst die for this man, but thou hadst not strength to save him,' &c. &c. And how would he chuckle over that heir of heaven, and hold him up, and say, 'This man was redeemed; Christ purchased him with his blood:' and then, plunging him into the waves of hell, he would say, 'There, purchased one! see how I can rob the Son of God!'"

The ascent of Christ into heaven is treated with the same intolerable indecency:

"I think I see the Angels looking down from heaven's battlements, and crying, 'See the conquering Hero comes!' while, at his nearer approach, again they shout, 'See the conquering Hero comes!'"

Other words follow these, applying to the Eternal Father, which we decline to print. But no subject is safe from such treatment in the pages before us. To Mr. Spurgeon all subjects are alike; time, eternity, heaven and hell, the Almighty himself, and the Prince of Darkness, are his most familiar themes. He is acquainted with the mysteries of heaven, as well as with the horrors of the infernal pit; with the secret counsels of the Most High, as well as with the thoughts, habits, and speech of Satan. With this latter personage indeed he seems to be on the most intimate and familiar terms. We could fill many pages with mere descriptions of hell, its prince, and the torments of the lost. The preacher seems to revel amidst the burning agonies of the non-elect, and to exult in picturing to his hearers the lasting woe of those whose creed differs from his own. Let one specimen suffice:

"The hell of hells will be to thee, poor sinner, the thought that it is to be forever. When the damned jingle the burning irons of their torments, they shall say, 'Forever!' when they howl, echo cries, 'Forever!'"

"'Forever' is written on their racks,
'Forever' on their chains;
'Forever' burneth in the fire;
'Forever' ever reigns."

Again:

"When a thousand years shall have passed, you may say, 'I am damned;' nevertheless, it is written still, 'shall be damned;' and when a million years have passed, still written, 'SHALL BE DAMNED.' Be as good as you please, as moral as you can and honest

as you will, walk as uprightly as you can, still written, 'shall be damned.'"

No wonder, therefore, that the number to whom these fearful words apply is, according to Spurgeon, infinitely great when compared with the few who escape; although those few are described, in a Book which cannot lie, as "a multitude whom no man can number."

Mr. Spurgeon appears to be deeply read in this subject, and probably agrees with Bel-larmine, who makes sweating and crowding one of the chief torments in hell; or with Drexelius, who computes the sum total of the damned at one hundred thousand millions, all to be contained within a square German mile; or possibly with the Rev. Tobias Sum-den,* who, in commenting on these two au-thors, regards the latter view as "*a poor, mean, and narrow conception both of the numbers of the damned and the dimensions of Hell.*"

What, again, can exceed the malignant blasphemy of the following words?

"Go to God, and even supposing He should spurn thee—suppose His uplifted hand should drive thee away—a thing im-possible—yet thou wilt not lose any thing; thou wilt not be more damned for that. Besides, supposing thou art damned, thou wouldst have the satisfaction, at least, of being able to lift up thine eyes in hell, and say, 'God, I asked mercy of thee, and thou wouldst not grant it: I sought it, but thou didst refuse it.'"

Or what can surpass the vulgarity of these?

"To preach the Gospel is not to stand and talk as if to the Angel Gabriel; not to mumble over some dry manuscript; not to send a curate to do duty for you; not to put on a fine gown, and give out some lofty speculation; not with the hands of a bishop to turn over some beautiful specimen of prayer, and leave some humbler person to speak."

But Mr. Spurgeon can be as bitter as he is indecent; as where he says, "*Who shall tell what place in hell is hot enough for him*

who slanders God's ministers?" &c. &c. Moreover, he tries to be facetious, as in the following: "A man sits down in self-sufficiency, thinking I can do all that. O blessed day when God directs his shot against that. I know I hugged that old idea a long time, with my '*cans*,' '*cans*,' '*cans*;' but I found my *cans* would hold no water, and all I put in ran out." Some ministers he calls "Beau Brummell minis-ters;" thereupon adding the worn-out joke of old Beau Brummell confessing to having once eaten a pea. But on whatever text he is speaking, he is sure to recur sooner or later to his favorite points of hell and dam-nation. Thus he makes the soul of one of the lost come up from the pit to a dying minister, and reproach him thus: "I asked thee the road to heaven, and thou didst say do such and such good works; I did them and am damned." Then follows the whole parish *howling after the poor minister into hell*. In another sermon we have the angel Gabriel holding the sinner a single moment over the pit, that he may hear sullen moans, and hollow groans, and screams of tortured ghosts coming up from the abyss, &c. &c.; in another, we have *detailed conversations and dialogues* in this very bottomless pit of flame and torment. "*Ah, we are glad you are in hell with us, you deserve it, you led us here.*" A child says to its mother, "*You trained me in vice,*" and the mother, gnash-ing her teeth, replies, "*I have no pity for you, you excelled me in vice,*" &c. &c.*

These specimens are, we feel sure, more than sufficient to prove the justice of our assertion that their author is guilty of in-decency, vulgarity, and profanity. If it be not so, henceforth it will be impossible for human language to be either indecent, vulgar, or profane. We might, indeed, multiply these proofs to an indefinite extent, but we have mercy on our readers' patience, and will not wantonly outrage any further their sense of propriety in treating of what should be holy things. Yet this mixture of slang and blasphemy is the staple commodity

* Southey's *Omniana*, vol. i. p. 29. We com-mend the work of this divine on *The Nature and Place of Hell* to Mr. Spurgeon's serious attention. It may furnish even him with a few new ideas on his favorite topic, when he next addresses the mul-titude at the Surrey Hall; which, we regret to see, he intends doing. Vide sermon of Nov. 2nd, 1856: "I shall preach there again; God shall give seals there; Satan's empire shall tremble more than ever."

* It will be idle to quote, in reply to this para-graph, the dialogue in the Parable of Dives and Lazarus. He who spoke that parable bare the keys of hell and death. He had both the right and the power to touch on such mysteries, for the universe seen and unseen was his. Until Mr. Spurgeon brings us credentials of equal authority and omnis-cence, he must be silent on such topics, or be con-tent to quote only the words already sanctioned by a higher authority.

which attracted ten thousand hearers to the fatal Surrey Gardens; and still, Sunday after Sunday, draws thousands to the New Park-street Chapel in Southwark; and the utterer of this insufferable trash has the audacity to compare the style of his outpourings to that of Him who, with solemn and simple words of love and holiness, taught the listening thousands by the Sea of Tiberias,—to the fiery eloquence of St. Paul,—to the glowing visions of him who, from the lonely island of Patmos, beheld heaven opened, and the mysteries of futurity revealed!*

We conceive that for matchless impudence and unblushing effrontery, this comparison stands unrivalled. Yet the maker of it numbers his hearers by the thousand; and the spiritual dram-drinking† continues, and is likely to continue for a time, with unabated vigor. Thousands are ever ready to crowd together and hear a buffoon discuss with cool familiarity the profound mysteries of heaven and hell, of God and the soul; to hear sneers at the Church of Rome and jeers at the Church of England, or maledictions on every form of religious belief but Calvinism. But that the utterer of such rhapsodies is to be hailed as an apostle, or that such gatherings can possibly promote the cause of true religion, is far too monstrous and absurd an assertion for any man of right feeling to tolerate for a single moment. How long the frequenters of Park-street will cling to it, remains to be seen. Our task with Mr. Spurgeon is done. But it remains, we imagine, for the clergy of the Church of England to read the lesson written for them in Mr. Spurgeon's success. No mere combination of ignorance, vulgarity, and impudence—in whatever relative proportions—can alone command the success he has achieved; or we should have mountebanks of some kind at every street corner. The elements of all sudden success as a speaker must comprise at least careful preparation of the subject-matter, great earnestness and vehement gesticulation in its delivery, a commanding voice, and a copious vocabulary. Above all, what the orator has to say must be *his own*. Mr. Spurgeon possesses all

* Of St. John he speaks thus: "Our friend John of the Apocalypse; I shall strike this tuning-fork of heaven," &c.

† Page 8, *Sayings and Doings of Spurgeon*;—a clever Tract.

these qualifications for success. No one who has ever been present at one of his performances, can doubt his intense earnestness, the thunder of his voice, or his tragic gesticulation; or that, poor as the fruit is, he has spent all his strength on the preparation of his subject, and is still toiling with his utmost energy. It is needless to add that what he utters is wholly and entirely his own.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

The parishes of England are about eleven thousand in number; and in each of these, on every recurring seventh day, its minister has at command some thirty or forty minutes for the exhortation of an audience assembled expressly to hear what he has to say. He may use the freedom of extempore speech and the precision of a written discourse, either singly or combined. He is liable to no interruption or hostile criticism; "he can neither be out-argued, confuted, or silenced; escape from him is always difficult, sometimes impossible." A single mace-bearer in a cocked-hat can at once silence even an indiscreet cough. In spite, however, of all these advantages, the preaching of the English clergy, speaking generally, is not efficient.

"The very word *sermon* (says a divine) has become a byword for a long, dull conversation of any kind. When a man wishes to imply in any piece of writing the absence of what is agreeable and inviting, he calls it a sermon."

It is true that a preacher of this day has but to scold the Jews or worry the Romanists with sufficient bitterness, and he at once stands a fair chance of becoming popular. His church will soon be filled with thousands eager to enjoy the spiritual dissection of their neighbors. But yet, although few of the English clergy have condescended to this pitiful popularity, their preaching, as a whole, is not effective.

To what cause, therefore, may this failure be assigned?

It is not prolixity, for as a body the English clergy are merciful; neither is it want of learning, for the great majority are well-read and learned. It is not want of eloquence, in which many are masters; neither is it *only* faultiness of style, for most of them write good letters, and can talk well on all ordinary topics. But as a body (and herein, we take it, lies one main cause of

the failure) they are not trained to the task of sermon-writing; it is almost, if not entirely, new to them on taking orders. Therefore the work is felt as a task; and if any duty be once regarded as a task, lack of inclination, fancied lack of ability, above all, fancied lack of time, will soon lead men to procure elsewhere that which should be the fruit of their own toil and their own brains.

No words can ever flow from a man's lips so aptly, so wisely, so effectively, as *his own*, into which alone his heart can really and fully enter. He may *read* to his people a celebrated divine's sermon; but his own—if he be in earnest—he *preaches*. It is the child of his own brain, there is genuine heart, fire, and soul in it, no matter how homely its diction or humble its flight of eloquence.

"Ut ridentibus arident, ita flentibus adsunt Humani vultus. Si vis me flere dolendum est Primum ipsi tibi."

And as "*a man's face answereth to the face of his friend*," so speaks heart to heart: and thus the living fire of but one pierces to the inmost soul of thousands. We fear, however, that on every Sunday, more or less throughout England, a large number of sermons—how large it is difficult to state—are preached and supposed to be original compositions, though in reality written by paid agents, who make no secret of their trade, but openly offer for sale discourses on any subject, of any shade of opinion, according to order, at a fixed price. That this is the case we select from the clearest evidence a few proofs for our readers' consideration; passing no judgment on the facts, and not denying that the practice may be, in *some special cases*, if not justified, at least palliated to a certain extent.

Our first example is that of a clergyman who advertises in a local journal. We notice him first because he appears to be the worst paid of all the laborers in the ecclesiastical vineyard; premising that the price of a lithographed sermon, warranted to look like MS., varies from ninepence to fifteen shillings. But let MSS. speak for himself:

"Edited and published by a Clergyman, fcap. 4to., 9d. each, free by post. Parochial (MS.) Sermons, based on discourses by Bishop Beveridge, and suitable for any Congregation, are published every Thursday. First Eighteen Sermons now ready. Prospectus gratis.—Address 'MSS.' Bath."

Next in price, and close beside him in print, we have St. Dominic, who offers a plain parochial sermon for one shilling;—abstracted, as in No. 1, from English divines:

"In fcap. 4to., 1s. each, Plain Parochial Sermons, for the most part compiled from Standard Divines of the Church of England, and systematically arranged. A Specimen Sermon sent post free for fourteen stamps.—Address Dominicus (No. 55), Clerical Journal Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand, London."

This was about the price of a discourse so long ago as 1807, when they managed matters more discreetly in the *Courier* by addressing invitations, in Latin—

"*Ad Cleros. Sexaginta Conciones ad fidem et usum Christianum Religionis spectantes novis typis accurate MS. in imitantibus mandatæ; veneunt apud Ostell, Ave Maria Lane, Londini. Pretium £3. Courier, 1807.*"

Then follows a Member of St. John's College, Oxford (of whom more anon at Brudenell-place, Hoxton), who is most lavish in his offers, *For all occasions*, and undertakes—in a postscript—not only to write for the incapable or lazy, but to revise the labors of the dull:

"For all occasions.—Original Manuscript Sermons, by an M. A., St. John's College, Oxford, in Priest's orders. Sermons revised.—Address 'E. O.,' Marlborough, Wilts."

Next comes a Mr. Steward from Chancery-lane, who provides for the needy at a price double that of St. Dominic: but gives a prospectus in:

"Steward's New Monthly Series.—Sermons for February now ready. Specimen and Prospectus on receipt of twenty-four stamps.—Charles Steward, 11 Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane."

Chancery-lane provokes a rival in the City, at 4, Birchin-lane, where *Augustus* wishes to dispose of MS. sermons, orthodox and practical, but does not name the price of his goods. (*Times*, Nov. 8, 1855.)

Augustus rouses the voice of *Elijah*, which apparently, at seven-pence a discourse, is now to be heard of also in Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane:

"The Voice of *Elijah*. Price 6d.; post, 7d.—C. M. Peacock, publisher, 19 Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane, London."

From Mr. Peacock we pass to Mr. Rose of Amiens-street, Dublin, who offers sermons

at an increased price of one shilling and twopence, with a prospectus *gratis*:

"Now ready, Part II., Fifteen Plain Sermons for the Quarter commencing June. Texts mostly taken from the Services. £1 7s. 6d., post free. Also, Three Addresses on Confirmation, 5s.; National Society, Pastoral Aid, Propagation of Gospel, Club Sermon, &c., 2s., post free. Also, Original Sermons. Specimen and Prospectus gratis. George Rose, 93, Amiens-street, Dublin."

The fifteen are, we presume, borrowed from other sources, as the last line adds—"Also, Original Sermons."

Next, Clericus, B. A. (Denham, 25, Lincoln's-inn), issues a monthly series of eight sermons, modestly described as possessing every possible excellence that can be desiderated in a pulpit discourse:

"New Monthly Series.—Four Sermons for August, founded on some portion of the Day's service. By a Clergyman of experience. *In style simple, but spirited and striking*; in doctrine Evangelical, but moderate, treating only of the vital truths of the Gospel. Occasional Sermons. 'Clericus, B. A.,' Denham, 25, Lincoln's-inn-fields."

This gentleman does not mention the price of his goods, but we conjecture it to be rather in advance of Mr. Gaywood's, who appeals to us with a far less attractive advertisement, no mention being made of vital truths, elegance of style, or moderation in doctrine:

"To the Clergy.—Parochial Series, Four Sermons for August. Now ready, Quarterly Sets, Parts I. and II. Also, Six on Church Catechism, Club Sermons, Curates' Aid Society, &c. Occasional Sermons on all subjects at a moderate charge. Specimen and prospectus free. 'Henry F. Gaywood.' C. Moody, 257, High Holborn."

This advertisement, we imagine, announces the famous *Gaywood Series*, which, in our next extract, has taken root and sprouted again at a reduced price in Bachelor's-walk, Dublin.

"Important to the Clergy.—New Monthly Series. By the late Editor of 'Gaywood's Series.' At a reduced price. Apply, for prospectuses, &c., John Sylvester, 32, Bachelor's-walk, Dublin."

Then Mr. Rose reappears at an advanced price of 2s. 6d. in the following:—

"Now Ready, the Quarterly Series for September, October, and November. Harvest

Sermons, 2s. 6d.; Church Building, 2s. 6d.; Clergy, Orphan, &c., &c. Specimen and prospectus, 1s. post free. George Rose, 93, Amiens-street, Dublin."

From him we pass to *Clericus*, at Bristol, who does business on a more expensive scale than his brother-laborer at Bath:

"Plain Parochial MS. Sermons, very legibly written, will be forwarded (postage free), by a Clergyman of Cambridge, of moderate views, on receipt of forty-two postage stamps. Address 'Clericus,' Post-office, Park-street, Bristol. All communications strictly confidential."

We next return to our old friend "E. O." of Hoxton, M. A., St. John's, Oxford, in priest's orders, who offers not only to sell, but to let out on hire, the contents of his sermon-case:

"Manuscript Sermons, either for purchase or temporary use, supplied by an M. A. in Priest's Orders, of St. John's College, Oxford. Apply to 'E. O.,' 4, Brudenel-place, New North-road, Hoxton."

Let these suffice for gleanings from the public prints; and let us notice (from circulars and papers of a more private kind extensively circulated among the clergy) other laborers in the sermon vineyard, who toil not less assiduously than their brethren.

First we have X. Y. Z. of Clerkenwell, who says he has written "*many hundreds of sermons for agents in London, at prices varying from 2s. to 3s. 6d. each*;" copies, we presume, from English divines. Next comes Mr. Moody of Holborn, who, in a lithographed circular, rather obscurely says, "*It is natural to suppose that press of parochial duties, &c., may render ORIGINAL MS. sermons occasionally a matter of CONVENIENCE to the clergy*;" and offers, post-free to subscribers, at 2s. each, plain, sound, practical, scriptural, Church of England sermons, warranted to occupy twenty-five minutes in delivery. Then follows a list of more than 150 "*Texts of sermons for every Sunday in the year, from January, 1853, to September, 1855, from which may be chosen not less than xx. at 1s. 6d. each; if more, a further reduction.*" A P. S. informs the clergy of *occasional, propagation, gospel, sacramental, cholera, harvest, school, missionary, Curates' Aid, funeral, &c., Sermons*; xx. on the parables and miracles; vi. on the titles of Christ," &c. &c.

This programme, on the whole, we judge to be the most seducing of all the temptations to the poor parson. With all its elaborate amount of detail so fully painted, from propagation to funeral discourse, it must be difficult to escape the enticement to pulpit fame.

A clergyman in a country parish received not long since by post a specimen of a MS. lithographed sermon. If not liked, he was to return it; if approved, to choose "*one of two texts*," according as the name of his parish began with a letter between A and M, or M and Z; so that the sermon might not be recognized if preached in two neighboring parishes. Lastly, from a village in D—we have a circular from a clergyman, who professes to "have written many thousands of sermons, and is still willing to write other thousands, at a cost of 15s. each. *References*, he adds, *cannot for obvious reasons be given, or many might be given.*" From ninepence to fifteen shillings! If this wide range of price truly symbolizes the various grades of excellence, the ninepenny article must, we fear, be of a most soporific nature.

But such is the traffic, clearly wholesale and unscrupulous. Any reverend divine in Great Britain, unwilling or unable to write next Sunday's homily, may select a discourse from some scores of authors, of any price, quality, orthodoxy, and length he may desire. He may thus possibly reap unexpected honors, and be complimented by his churchwardens, or the ladies of his congregation, for so excellent a discourse; while, not twenty miles off, a second divine shall be at the same moment reaping a similar reward for the very same performance.

The fruits of such a system, as far as it prevails, are inevitable. What can it possibly produce but dryness and dulness in the preacher, and, as a matter of course, drowsy indifference and listlessness on the part of the hearer? Not a heart of living and fiery earnestness, speaking to other living hearts on matters of the deepest and most lasting import; but gutta-percha to gutta-percha: * arousing no emotions, kindling no fears, stirring no secret depths of sympathy, love,

* De Quincey, in his last volume, p. 21, speaks of himself as "the one interested auditor of such a discourse, which over all other heads flowed away like water over marble slabs." He was interested because he had to write from memory an epitome of the sermon for his master.

or praise. What wonder that such a preacher should at last be found crying in a wilderness of stools and hassocks,—to some half-dozen lonely ones besides the sexton, the beadle, and the clerk's wife; while not a thousand yards off, in Little Brick Lane Tabernacle, Mr. Chadband, with unctuous and fiery declamation, by the passion of terror, by vulgar jocularity, by audacious trespass on the mysteries of Heaven and Hell, is moving thousands to tears of remorse and fear, to laughter, to passionate outcries of praise; swaying the multitude as but one man, hushing them to intense silence, and at his will raising them to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm, and the verge of open applause. Could Mr. Chadband possibly accomplish this feat if he were solemnly reading aloud the lucubrations of some scribbler in a London garret?

We think that no state of things can be right which produces in a public print such a letter as the following from J. C. to the *Athenæum*. He tells us that having been annoyed on a late Thanksgiving Sunday morning in his own parish church by a nonsensical sermon, he sought in the evening for improved spiritual food in a church of the adjoining parish—

"But there, in due time, to his horror and amazement, he reheard the same text given out, and was condemned to sit through the same identical sermon delivered over again, word for word, by another clergyman. He was at first inclined to believe that this was mere evidence of the good understanding between the rector of the one parish and the curate of the other;—a proof of a kind of commonage between these reverend worthies, by which one set of sermons was made to do duty for two parishes. But, chancing the following morning to take up one of the clerical newspapers, his attention was attracted to the following advertisement: '*To the Clergy.*—SEBASTOPOL.—Sermons ready for Sunday next, being the day appointed for offering up prayer and thanksgiving for the Capture of Sebastopol.'—Curiosity prompted our Correspondent to expend half-a-crown in the purchase of one of these ready-made ecclesiastical articles. On looking at it, he found that it was merely Monsieur Tanson come again—the very same identical prosy thing, without religion or patriotism, that he had twice been entrapped into listening to on the day before."

No doubt one of the following was "*the dull prosy thing*" which extracted a half-crown from disconsolate J. C. :

"New Monthly Series.—Four Sermons for October, founded on some portion of the Day's Service. Also, Harvest Sermon, 1855, and Sermon on Church Building. Special Sermons on all subjects. 'Clericus,' B. A., Denham, 25, Lincoln's Inn fields.—N. B.—*Sermons on the Fall of Sebastopol*. Now ready, 2s. 6d."

"Now ready, price 2s. 6d.—*Sermons on the Fall of Sebastopol*.—Parochial Sermons.—Four original Sermons for October, now ready. Quarterly Sets, Parts I. and II. Harvest Sermon for 1855. Also, Church Building Society. Occasional Sermons on all subjects. List and prospectus free. Henry F. Gaywood, C. Moody, 257, High Holborn."

In this case it is safe to conclude that the discourse was made the subject neither of public nor private laudation by churchwardens or ladies,—but we seriously ask the clergymen of those parishes, if it be either dignified or consistent to expose themselves and the church to which they belong to such comment in the public press? We are sure that the great body of the English clergy would, with utter scorn, repudiate such a practice, and agree with the Vicar in the Diocese of Ossory, who not long after wrote to *The Times*, and complained of being insulted by the *confidential communication* of a London agent,—announcing the issue of a series of MSS. for the use of the clergy.

But however prosy or devoid of religion and patriotism the half-crown discourses may be, their quality seems to improve with the price. Once on a time, two of Her Majesty's judges on circuit, announced to a reverend divine of a certain city that they should attend his church on a certain day, and be glad of a word of exhortation from him. The holy man was at once gratified and troubled. He had scarcely written a sermon for years; and now, not only was a sudden demand made on his pen, but a demand for something of a pointed and striking kind. But no time was to be lost. He went, therefore, at once to his agent, and after explaining his difficulties, begged him to write instantly to town for the required discourse. *Spare no expense; but let me have a first-rate discourse. It may contain a few Latin quotations, and won't be the worse for one—not more—of Greek.* In due

time came the sermon, sprinkled judiciously with Latin, adorned with the solitary morsel of Greek. Nothing could be more judicious than its whole tone and composition. It was preached in due form; the preacher was praised and complimented—nay, more, *was asked to print*. This was awkward, but to refuse was impossible. The worthy man, therefore, at once hurried to the agent, gratefully insisted on paying a guinea (instead of ten shillings) for the judicious discourse, and within three days was in all the glory of a printed assize sermon.

Can this by any possibility be right? Can such state of things be justified? We are told that it can;—that many a toiling vicar and curate neither has, nor can have, time for writing sermons. And the supporters of this view not only justify the purchase of hack lithographed sermons to be preached as original, but the copying of sermons already in print. This latter claim may be disposed of at once, inasmuch as the copying of a printed discourse occupies almost as much time as the composition of a new one. If chosen from an old divine, the language has to be modernized, and allusions once patent, but now obscure, to be expunged; much has to be cut out, and some little inserted. If chosen from a modern writer, more extensive alterations must be made, lest the piracy be followed by detection—which, be it remembered, a single competent hearer may bring to pass. Little saving of time can therefore be effected by *copying* printed sermons; and even in the case of hack lithographed sermons, it is doubtful whether much time is really saved. To be fit for preaching, the lithograph MS. demands some revision, that at least the general language and ideas may coincide with those known to be the preacher's. To make a hack sermon pass as an original one, it is absolutely necessary to attain some degree of fluency in its delivery; and study alone will confer fluency. A sermon of a merciful length may, we suppose, be written by a man of average ability in five hours at the very most, after he has chosen a subject, and made up his mind how to treat it (easily done in a morning's walk); so that, here also, saving of time cannot be pleaded as an excuse for purchase. The only other two possible pleas are lack of inclination and lack of ability. To plead lack of inclina-

tion is simply suicidal. The writing and preaching of sermons is one main duty of every clergyman—Spurgeon would say the chief duty. Every candidate for priest's orders is thus addressed at ordination: *Take thou authority to preach the Word of God, &c., &c.* This responsibility is not imposed independently of his own free choice; it is *nil* without his own consent, his own act and deed. If, therefore, a man seeks authority for a duty for which he has no inclination, he is putting his hand to the plough and looking back; he is unfit for the office of a teacher. Why did he do violence to his inclination by seeking it?

If lack of ability be pleaded for the adoption of other men's labors, why was not the deficiency DETECTED before its discovery became fatal? A man with one leg cannot enter the navy;—why send one who can neither write nor speak into a profession for which writing and speaking are essential qualifications? Common sense is with a loud voice demanding an answer to such questions. If they be wise, the Clergy of the English Church will speedily render an efficient answer.

When we look back on the great and illustrious ornaments of the British pulpit in past days, as Taylor, Hooker, South, Barrow, Sanderson, Andrews,—or its more recent ornaments, as Manning, Dale, Archer, Butler, Hook, Hare, Melville, and a host of others,—we are at a loss to understand how these things can be. We cannot possibly imagine any one of these men—many of them hard-working vicars and once over-worked curates—ever negotiating for a half-crown's worth of popularity on the following Sunday. These, and thousands of other such men, *made* the time for their sermons: and yet had time left to visit the poor, and to see their friends. By no possible stretch of fancy can we imagine Jeremy Taylor writing up from his country parish to a London agent, "to let him have, without fail, a discreet and learned sermon, before Thursday, as he was about to preach a funeral sermon on the Countess of Carberry." Henry Martyn never expended even ninepence on a missionary sermon, nor Heber five shillings on a discourse sprinkled with Latin; nor did Hooker ever purchase or hire a logical reply to Master Travers' afternoon discourse at the Temple. All such men won their way to

fame by dint of patient and unwearied toil of their own brains. If time was scanty, they made time; if inclination slackened, they toiled on apace till it grew again. Their work was before them; from it they durst not shrink. They have their reward; not only among their fellow-men, but from Him to whom all work is done,—beneath the warrior's armor or the priest's gown. Few of the English clergy can hope to become Hookers or Jeremy Taylors; but why should not all be their worthy successors?

The object of preaching has been well defined; "it is constantly to remind mankind of what mankind is constantly forgetting; not so much to supply the defects of human intelligence as to fortify the feebleness of human resolutions; to recall men from the bypaths where they turn, into the path of salvation, which many know, but few tread."* The topics of the preacher are infinite in variety and in number; of transcendent importance and inexhaustible newness; and yet all dealing more or less remotely with that eternity, "the idea of which is the living soul of all poetry and art."† But, however lofty his theme, the preacher may treat it with the simplest and plainest words; vulgar familiarity degrades the importance of his message and the dignity of his office; while irreverence and indecency are absolutely excluded.

"He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin when you should woo a
soul."‡

Life, fire, and animation in the speaker are indispensable; he must preach, as if winning *his own* way to truth and to heaven, as well as pointing out that way to others. No sapless, dull harangue, however well it may be read, will prick the heart or touch the soul.

"I preached," says Richard Baxter—

"I preached as never sure to preach again;
And as a dying man to dying men."

"How comes it," said a Bishop to Gar-
rack, "that I in expounding divine truths
produce so little effect, while you so easily
rouse the deepest passions of your auditors
by the representation of *fiction*?"—"Be-
cause," was the reply, "I recite falsehoods

* Sydney Smith. † Talfourd. ‡ Cowper.

as if they were true, while you deliver truths as if they were fiction." Earnestness, simplicity, truthfulness, absence of all pretension, and lack of conceit, will command true success, when vanity, the unscrupulous use of astounding words and phrases, profane trifling with the loftiest mysteries that can engage the soul, serve only to rouse the worst and weakest of human passions. We think it possible to teach men the way to heaven, without gloating over the torments of those who lose it with Mr. Spurgeon; or using hell as a perpetual scarecrow with Dr. Guthrie. We doubt the wisdom, and the charity, of incessant appeals to the passion of terror, as well as of minute elaborate descriptions of eternal woe; of the continual use of such language as, "How it gleams with fire! resounds with groans! Let us stand together on its margin, pondering the question, Who can lie down in everlasting burnings;"* or again, "The fire has caught, it has seized your garments, you are wrapt in flames;" "the pains of hell do not, cannot exhaust the penalty;"† far more of such as "blistering tongues hanging from burning lips," or "the damned jingling the burning irons of their torments."‡

We do not think that men are to be driven like abject cowards into heaven, only by unceasing pictures of the woe awaiting them elsewhere. Rather we would treat them as rational and immortal beings. A gospel of blood and woe may fill Brick-lane Rotunda with excited, awe-struck, intoxicated thousands; but we doubt whether it will

make many disciples of that wisdom whose ways are pleasantness and whose paths are peace, or increase the number of those who win the narrow way to the land beyond the stars. Bigotry, profaneness, intolerance, and vulgarity, should not be the weapons of truth. Such were not the weapons of those who fought for the truth of old, eighteen hundred years ago. Such were not the words of Him who spake as never man spake, to listening thousands of the poor by the Sea of Galilee; or of him who, on Mars' Hill, preached to the wise and noble of one of earth's proudest cities his Master's true wisdom; or of the numberless others who in after ages counted the truth dearer to them than their lives, which they laid down for its sake.

The keystone of the mighty arch which spans this earth we take to be Love. Mr. Spurgeon may make it "Damnation," and for a time thousands may flock with itching ears to hear the strange medley of woe, blood, despair, tears, laughter, rapture, and profanity, which he proclaims. But the delusion cannot last. Pyrotechny, even of the most improved spiritual kind, and at the Surrey Gardens,—must come to an end; and night will but seem blacker and more hideous after the glare. Their idol has now suddenly mounted as on fiery rocket wings* to the height of popularity: crowds below are with straining eyes watching his swift flight. By-and-by when he has rapidly descended—as the stick—there is some hope that both he and they may come to their senses.

* Guthrie, pp. 78, 79. † Guthrie. ‡ Spurgeon.

* Vide *An Hour with Spurgeon*, p. 16.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—We have learned in the course of these investigations, that all the obstacles interposed by the sea to the laying of submarine telegraphs lie between the surface and the depth of a few hundred fathoms below, and that these are not to be mastered by force nor overcome by the tensible strength of wire-drawn ropes, but that, with a little artifice, they will yield to a mere thread. It is the case of the man-of-war and the little nautilus in the hurricane; the one, weak in its strength, is dashed to pieces; the other, strong in its weakness, resists the utmost violence of the storm, and rides on safely through it as though there were no ragings in the sea. Therefore, it may now be considered as a settled principle in submarine telegraphs, that the true character of a cable for the deep sea is not that of an iron rope as large as a man's arm, but a single copper wire or a fascicle of wires, coated with gutta-

percha, pliant and supple, and not larger than a lady's finger.—*Lieut. Maury's Report.*

HERR EMANUEL LEUTZE, an American artist, residing at Dusseldorf, has just finished a new picture, "The Last Court-Evening of Charles the Second of England," which is declared by the German Art journals not only to be a worthy pendant to the former works of the same painter (especially to his canvas of "Washington crossing the Delaware"), but to surpass them with regard to composition, as well as to execution. The picture is intended as an illustration of that gay evening in Whitehall on Sunday, the 1st of February, 1685. Another picture of Herr Leutze, "An Evening Party at Milton's," has also created a sensation, and is in the course of being reproduced by the art of the engraver.—*Athenæum.*

From Blackwood's Magazine for December.

THE POLITICAL LULL, AND WHAT WILL BREAK IT.

GROWN men know that the sea is currentless when the tide is at the turn,—that there is ever a calm before currents shift, and set in another direction. But the child building his first castles on the sand may wonder at the phenomenon. The mobile tide that for the whole of his short day he has seen advancing resistlessly ever onward, up and up on the stable Land, comes at length to a standstill; and the first indication of this that strikes his eye is the disappearance of the line of foamy strife that marked the meeting of the antagonistic powers, and the cessation of the dull or lashing roar that hitherto had filled his ear. How is this? he asks. The sea has grown stagnant,—the tides have expired! His occupation of castle-building, with which he fancied he was stopping the progress of the tide, seems now hopelessly at an end: and, having haply heard older lips explaining how the tides and currents keep the sea fresh and its shores healthy, the boy concludes that henceforth all is to be stagnation and corruption! Perhaps with a vanity that makes foolishness more apparent, he fancies he has made a startling discovery,—laments loudly the phenomenon as the insetting of a mortal disease in the frame of things,—and calls upon all to aid him in stirring the ocean with stick and shovel, in order to set the tides a-going again. Cease thine innocent wonder, O child!—stop thy vain lamentation and misplaced labor, O youth! A short hour will show you the currents again in motion; and longer observation will reveal that what seems stagnation in nature is but her transition-points to the development of new life and motion.

National life has its tides as well as the sea. And its grander cyclical movements, whether in politics, science, or literary thought, transcend the regulating agency of individual men. At one time in the life of nations the tide of Innovation runs high, at another it ebbs into the counter-current of Reaction; still oftener the public mind shifts from one line of action into another,—now it is Home politics, now it is Foreign, that engross the nation: and at each change there is a temporary lull,—the calm of the sea when the tide is turning. We are in one of those lulls now. The din of political parties

is no longer heard in the land, and the work of legislation almost stands still. It is curious to observe the different lights in which the abeyance of Party is regarded by different sections of the press. Some rejoice over it, proclaiming Party a thing of the past, a phase of national life doomed to disappear with the progress of civilization. Others lament over it as a sign of national decay,—holding Party to be the palladium of our liberties, and regarding its absence from the Parliamentary arena as they would the disappearance of salt from the sea, or the insetting of that insensibility which marks the commencement of mortification in the human body, and approaching death. We will not stay to consider which of these views is the greater exaggeration,—for the inquiry is needless. We would rather bid both sides spare their breath. The phenomenon over which they lament or rejoice is natural, and will be transient. Party is not dead, but sleepeth. In due time we shall see it walking amongst us again, shouting its rallying-cries. But we do not guarantee that its garb or its rallying-cries shall be the same as they have lately been. On the contrary, we believe they will not be so. Every half-century or so, the main features of the times undergo a change, giving prominence to new subjects, and consequently producing a rearrangement or modification of the antagonistic parties in the State.

One of those cyclical revolutions is now in progress. Domestic politics, which have so long been the shaping power of our great parties, are at zero; and the antagonism of the innovating and conservative principles in the State has sank into a neutrality producing repose. Content with the rest which has thus, by no express act of its own, come to it, the country for the moment heeds not to inquire what is the cause of this lull, or what will be its end. But through the hush of the general quiet there is heard a voice, almost as spirit-like and bodiless as that which of old bewailed the death of Pan, lamenting that great Parties are dead!—and that the calm of the political waters betokens their settling down into a Dead Sea or a Slough of Despond. To our eyes, as they wander over the face of merry England, comes no such foreboding. We see the people politically contented, materially prosperous; and if the passion for legislative changes has be-

come moderated from its recent intensity, we accept the phenomenon as one desirable in itself, and susceptible of natural explanation. But there is no stagnation in the national life. The heart of England beats as stoutly as ever; and, we believe, more warmly and nobly. If domestic politics are in abeyance, there is plainly visible to our eyes a crop of new ideas springing up, more elevating, because national not sectional, and more desirable, because more called for by the aspect of the times.

Many causes, not hard to perceive, have combined to produce the present lull. It is the natural result of our past thirty years' history. During the quarter-century of the great contest with France, it was the War and Peace parties that constituted the great divisions in Parliament; and the grand question ever at issue was—whether we should make peace with the overgrown power of conquering France, and supinely trust for future security to the moderation of our foe; or whether we should employ our strength in timely defence of our liberty and fortunes, and by steadily continuing the contest, and supporting the States attacked by our enemy, strive to obtain that success which would be impossible if we allowed all Europe to be dominated by the foe and arrayed upon her side. But, once the war was over, Parties began to assume a new shape. Our liberties and well-being secured from external assault, the national mind addressed itself to the consideration of our internal condition. Domestic politics thenceforth furnished the subjects of contention in the legislature. Parties remodelled themselves. Huskisson began the work of commercial reform. Wellington, as Premier, gave political equality to the Roman Catholics. Grey and the Whigs then took in hand the work of political reform, and carried it out with more zeal than discretion or discrimination. Next Peel began his sweeping measures of commercial reform, which have been carried to the farthest verge demanded by the party of innovation. Lastly, for a brief season arose a question of budgets and taxation; but no principle was at issue here,—it was a question of details,—and so this also died away.

In fact, an exhaustive process has been going on. For the last thirty years the national mind has been engrossed with the

work of internal reform and domestic legislation, and it has done so much that it has left little to do,—what remains, too, being of that neutral tint (such as Legal and Educational measures) which excites no party rivalry, and allows of the measures being supported by men of either side. For a whole generation the nation has been laboring (we do not say always wisely) to renovate and make comely the interior of the palace of the State. We have not altered its goodly dome, but we have scrubbed and chiselled with bold hands at its supporting pillars; we have replaced the venerable tapestries on the walls with freshest oil-paint; we have even “had up” some of the flooring, to remove antiquated inequalities, and have assigned apartments like the rest to members of the family who formerly lived in an outhouse. There has been great strife and keen disputing while all this was a-doing. The majority, of course, have had their way in the main; but in not a few points they have restrained their over-hasty hands at the bidding of the minority, and are now content that it should be so. A good deal, it is true, remains to be done in the house. There will be questions about the dusting and polishing of the furniture, or about the placing of it so as to be most commodious,—or as to whether certain articles ought not to be sold off, and new ones got in their stead. But these are mere normal wants, which beset all times and places; and the Family, thankful that they have got over the fierce contention on the main points, see no necessity for fighting with the same fury about what remains to be done.

Nor could they, though they desired it. A revival of the old party-feuds at present is as impossible as it would be unnatural. In order to have great parties you must have great principles. None such are at issue: the old ones are used up, the new are but germinating. We need not wonder, then, that there should be a loosening of parties, and a paling of party-distinctions, in the arena of Parliament. Parties will rally again and close their ranks when there are great principles to rally round; but it is vain to seek to accomplish this by a factitious excitement. Party cannot be galvanized into activity. Parliament is but a reflex of the nation; and to hope to stir up Party in the Legislature when all is calm and neutral

in the country, is as idle as for a child to stir with his stick the slumbering tide of the ocean.

The temporary slackening in the career of legislation does not alarm us. We wonder how it should disquiet anybody. For the last generation the legislative car has been proceeding with Jehu-like speed,—we feared, indeed, at times that the rash haste of the drivers would Phaëton-like set our world on fire. That was because, for generations previous, Government had done almost nothing in the way of internal reform. Now the domestic work, the putting of the house in order, has been done pretty thoroughly,—in some respects, we think, only too thoroughly. More has been done within the last thirty years than for generations before. But it is obvious that such a furious remodelment of our institutions must have an end. It cannot be carried on *ad infinitum*,—no more than a man can be employed forever in overhauling the same ledger or checking the same accounts. Arrears must be cleared off some time; and thereafter there but remain the normal wants of the hour, which, having full time to consider, it behoves us to provide for with amplest deliberation. The late burst of innovating legislation has much resembled the famous *furor* with which Lord Brougham set himself to clear off the huge arrears of work which he found on his accession to the Woolsack. Many of his decisions then would not bear scrutiny, but more of them were right; so that, on the whole, it was probably better that he should have made this mad rush, than that the Augean stable should have been left uncleared. But what was pardoned to him in the exceptional circumstances then, would justly be regarded as totally inadmissible in a judge who has ample time to try his cases and consider his verdicts. In this latter position is the British Parliament now. There is nothing so pressing as to make it reasonable that we should take an ill-considered measure rather than wait till it is mended, or till a better be forthcoming; neither is party-spirit so fervid as to unite the stronger side in forcing through their measures, for prestige's sake, whether good or bad. The nation is contented, and on the whole prosperous,—surely now if ever we ought to be scrutinizing and deliberate in our acts of legislation.

This is no excuse for a Ministry bringing forward ill-concocted measures,—of which sin the present Cabinet were guilty last session; but be it known to all men that if the Bills which were defeated last session had been brought forward by the Liberals when the innovation-fever was at its height, the force of party would have been invoked to carry them—reluctant members would have voted with the Ayes rather than must their party, and ten to one the Bills would have passed with all their imperfections. So that Party is no unmingled good.

A country cannot be in a state of health when legislation is so excessive as it has been with us for the last thirty years. Take all the States of Europe (exclusive of Turkey), and the American Union to boot, and we question if their records during that period will show so many important legislative acts as have obtained the sanction of the British Parliament. In truth, the work of change had continued so long, that it was engendering a morbid habit. Our statesmen were beginning to fancy it indispensable to have a long list of measures to parade at the beginning of every session, and tasked their brains to discover or imagine some sore in the national body for which they must prescribe. When the Russian war broke out, it was some consolation to us to believe that, acting as a counter-irritant, it would have the effect of moderating this mania for over-legislation. In combination with other circumstances, it has done so; and the humiliating failure which overtook the long list of measures paraded in the Queen's Speech for the two last sessions, must by this time have convinced Ministers that the country has lost its omnivorous hunger, and appetite for strong dishes, and begs to be supplied simply with its daily roast, well cooked. As for *entremets*, and other dishes not immediately necessary, unless they be properly got up it will not have them. Having the essentials and substantial of existence, complacent John Bull does not dismiss his cooks when they fail in these dispensable side-dishes; but he tells them to take them back, and see to studying his taste a little better. Or to change the simile,—John Bull, after having been long in the doctors' hands, and finding himself in excellent condition, very sensibly thinks he will let medicines alone, and see if he can't get

on without that constant purging and druging to which he has of late been subjected.

Ought not Conservatives to be satisfied with such a state of matters? Of course, were our own party in office, we and they should like it better; but sure we are that there is no leal-hearted Conservative that will allow the exclusion of his party from office to warp his judgment as to the present state of public feeling. That changes be not made too hastily, is the fundamental maxim of Conservatism. Other principles it has, which (like those of its opponents) vary from time to time, but this one changes never. A Conservative may advocate Education as well as a Liberal; indeed Sir John Pakington's speech at Manchester has placed him *facile princeps* in this difficult but important department of statesmanship. A Conservative may advocate Legal Reform as well as a Liberal, and has done it better. He may support the Protestant character of our institutions as well as a Liberal, and for a long time past has done it better. He may advocate Commercial Reform, and did so earlier and better than the Liberals. Indeed, what names are to be found among the Liberal Ministers that will match as commercial reformers with those of Pitt, Huskisson, and Peel? In these various departments of legislation, the Conservative walks as boldly as, and has distinguished himself fully more than, his Liberal rivals. But in Political Reform, in all matters affecting our governmental institutions, he maintains an attitude of extreme wariness. Not indeed that his principles debar him putting forth his hand to modify at times the governmental fabric. On the contrary, Pitt was the first to conceive the project of Parliamentary reform, at a time when the Whig oligarchs had no relish for the change; and it was only when they found themselves wholly excluded from office that the descendants of the latter, as a means of regaining public favor, took up the project which the outburst of Revolutionary War had caused the great Conservative statesman to postpone. But in later times—owing to the undue fervor of the reform-passion—the Conservative has ever maintained a negative attitude in all such discussions. We think the Conservatives erred in 1830, in resisting all reform; for by so doing they left the country no choice between adopting the crude and

sweeping measures of the Liberals, or declaring that it wished no reform at all. Assuredly Pitt would not have so acted. In regard to the present, we trust that Lord John Russell, who has of late discredited himself by his failures, alike in home and in foreign politics, will not, from a desire of reviving his faded honors, do violence to the spirit of the times by introducing a third edition of his already "withdrawn and re-withdrawn" Bill for altering the Franchise and Representation; but if he do so, we trust the Conservative element in Parliament will be sufficiently powerful to veto any idle tampering with the Constitution.

We repeat,—the distinguishing characteristic of Conservatism is the principle, that all changes affecting the governmental institutions of the country be conducted with extreme caution and deliberation. He does not say there shall be no change, and that in all time, whatever be the changes in other things, the franchise and other parts of the Constitution shall remain stereotyped in their present form—unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But he recognizes the truth, that the first requirement of a Government is *stability*; and that without this, Government is but an organized anarchy,—a hap-hazard phenomenon, which commands no respect,—a thing of yesterday, which every one is encouraged to knock down and reconstruct. It is Time that surrounds institutions with a halo of veneration,—it is Prescription that makes the rights and usages of society sacred. Time may be a small authority in the sight of a doctrinaire or logician, who idly fancies that humanity should be ruled by what appeals to a mere fraction of their nature, and that men and nations are to be treated as if they had neither habits nor hearts. The oft-repeated revolutions of France tell more terribly than words the futility of all such creations of mere logic. *Ceteris paribus*, an institution is always more stable the longer it has stood; and there is a loyalty to the Past instinctive in the hearts of all nations, which is the best safeguard of Government against the gusts of reckless innovation, or the violence of usurping tyranny. Moreover, institutions which have stood long, which have been approved by many generations, and under which the country has greatly prospered, must have many excellences, and been well fitted to the times;

And the Conservative needs well-assured proof before he will proceed to act on the belief that the times have outgrown them. In all questions relating to governmental institutions, he prefers to walk by the light of Experience rather than of Theory: and believes that in dealing with the venerable fabric of the Constitution, hallowed and fortified by so many august memories, it is a thousand-fold safer to take down too little than too much. But Conservatism is not Reaction; it is as averse to a sudden change backwards as forwards. It has sometimes been boasted by Liberals, as a proof of the superior wisdom of their party and of the errors of their opponents, that almost all the changes opposed by the Conservatives have ultimately been carried,—forgetting that this is in great part a necessity of the different positions of the two parties, and that the ultimate triumph of measures once opposed by the Conservatives does not necessarily infer error on their part or wisdom in the Liberals. The maxim of Conservatism being, not that changes shall not be made at all, but that they shall not be made prematurely, it is obvious that they virtually gain their point in proportion as they can delay the adoption of the change until the country become ready for it. The question of Parliamentary Reform was discussed for a generation before it was passed,—was there no benefit in this? And the other great governmental innovation—the admission of Roman Catholics to Parliament—was approved by Pitt, though postponed as unseasonable; again by Canning; and was ultimately carried by a Tory Ministry. In all countries in a state of progress, these two parties, the Innovating and the Conservative, must exist,—the one ever thinking that changes are made too slowly, the other that they are made too fast. The latter venerates and upholds the Constitution; the former is ever thinking how to renovate it. The one is animated by that deep wisdom which expresses itself, more or less in all men, in loyalty to the Past; the others are pre-eminently worshippers of Theory, and are ever ready to launch the country into the sea of the future under no better tutelage than that of their own logic.

Like acid and alkali, the two rival parties in the State have for the moment neutralized each other. The acid of innovation may preponderate somewhat over the alkali

of conservatism in the mixture; but not an atom of the conservative element has sunk to repose without neutralizing a similar amount of force on the other side; and so, though not triumphant, we have the satisfaction of not having fought in vain, and of disabling the foe by making so many converts from its ranks. This neutral mass now rests in repose. But, mark, it will not long remain so. The atoms will rearrange themselves as other influences come to blow over the mass. And these influences may be of a kind to evoke new combinations rather than resuscitate the old. Modifications of party are no strange occurrences. To go no further back than the last quarter-century, we have seen Palmerston secede from the Tories and join the Whigs on the question of Reform. A few years after, we saw Stanley and Graham secede from the Liberals rather than lay profane hands on the property of the Church. Next Peel, followed by the ever-changing Graham and others, seceded from the Conservatives on the question of the Corn and Navigation Laws. All these changes have occurred in domestic politics. Can we look for less changes when the battle-ground of parties shifts from domestic affairs to foreign? Will not, for instance, the Peelites and Manchester party, in their aversion to all war, draw together, leaving the Whigs too weak to act alone? The first breath of this new gale from abroad sundered the Russell Cabinet,—sending Lord Palmerston into virtual opposition, bringing him nearer to Lords Derby, Lyndhurst, and Malmesbury, and keeping him a semi-conservative ever since. As our interest in foreign affairs grew more apparent, and the war directed thither the slow-moving regards of the nation, was not the force of the new element demonstrated by the tremendous overthrow which overtook the Aberdeen Ministry? Do not think that it was merely their administrative mismanagement that occasioned their fall. It was because a storm of indignation had been long gathering against the Cabinet as a nest of philo-Russians—of men who took the opposite side in foreign politics from what the nation desired; and although some members of the Peelite party momentarily regained a place in the Administration, it was only to fall again more irretrievably. Since then, the Palmerston Cabinet has been the weakest in administrative talent of any within the

memory of the present generation. Personally, too, he has had no following. Yet he has stood, and stands. What is the explanation? Simply this, that the country believes that he represents those principles of foreign policy which are now uppermost in the hearts of the people. His sole strength lies in this one thing,—yet it suffices! Can there be any stronger evidence of the fact, that the current of national interest is shifting from domestic to foreign affairs?

This we believe to be the case. Not only is the passion for domestic innovation on the decline,—partly from exhausting its objects, and partly from the operation of the principle of reaction,—but foreign politics are acquiring a momentous importance, and are displacing their somewhat jaded home rivals from the supremacy. Thus Party, on the decline as regards home politics, is becoming subjected to new influences, which ere long promise to become supreme. Indeed, the action of these new influences has been quite apparent on the Parliamentary parties during the last session, and accounts for much of that loosening of old ties which some writers are so much astonished at, and so greatly at a loss to explain. Of the negative side of the phenomenon—namely, the imperfect unity in action of the Opposition—we shall at present say nothing. But of the positive support which the Premier has received, we would observe that it has been due not only to the prestige which the general public accords to him, but to the noble and better-founded sentiment of sacrificing all minor considerations to the grand object of strengthening the hands of Government in seasons of peril. Parliament and the country alike scent the truth, which the future will make plain, that the grand interests of the country now centre in foreign affairs, and that there are dangers brewing in that quarter which it will ere long task the combined energies of this country to withstand.

Such, as it seems to us, is the cyclical revolution of national sentiment now in progress in this country, and of which the temporary sleep of Party is but an accessory phenomenon. The currents are shifting,—the tide is on the turn. The national energies, so long employed on our internal economy, are now rushing to the circumference of our power, and even projecting themselves beyond, in order to watch what

is going on in foreign States, and timely prepare to keep the danger as far as possible from our own shores. Such revolutions of national sentiment, we have said, transcend the regulating agency of individuals. We see nothing undesirable in the change,—far from it; but even were it so in the main, still it were vain to seek to turn back the tide, or to waste over it idle lamentations. The real wisdom lies in turning such events to true and good account. With nations as with men, every season that marks the course of Providence has its uses, its capabilities for good: our business is to discern and develop them. If we look at the applauding crowds which attend the lectures of Kossuth, whose eloquence lends grace to the exposition of views of which we need only say that many are undesirable and most of them impracticable,—we will be reminded of the truth that every sentiment has its excesses, and that the national feeling upon foreign politics may, like every other, run into extremes. Nevertheless the present direction of public thought is a natural and fortunate one. Growing dangers abroad are less readily perceived by a country than those within its own bosom. Many a State has been a sufferer from this cause,—we ourselves have had some narrow escapes of the kind; and it will be fortunate if, by timely perception and preparation, we secure ourselves now when these dangers are assuming unusually formidable proportions.

The aspect of foreign affairs threatens the rupture of peace. Any one may see this. Indeed, the probability of a second outburst of hostilities is so obvious that the Prime-minister of England has deemed it advisable to give public warning of the fact. "The duration of peace," said Lord Palmerston at Manchester, "must depend upon the honor and fidelity with which its conditions are fulfilled. I trust that the Power which brought upon itself the hostility, either active or moral, of all Europe, by forgetfulness of rights and duties,—I trust that Power, having concluded a treaty, will observe that treaty." Here it will be seen upon what a frail reed depends the peace of Europe. That Russia is seeking by every means to avoid fulfilment of the concessions promised by her in the Treaty of Paris, is a patent fact. Let us add, that it is one for which Maga duly prepared her readers.

Last spring we pointed out that the interests of France, and the necessities of his own position, "conspired to make the French Emperor resolutely desirous of concluding an immediate peace;"—we expressed our belief (which we now regard as a certainty) that the Russian Government, when it accepted the preliminaries, had a pledge from Napoleon III. that he "would use his influence to moderate the demands of the British and Turkish Governments," and that Russia should be left undisturbed on the side of Asia;—and we likewise expressed our belief, that even the light concessions subscribed to by Russia at the Congress, she would take an early opportunity of revoking,—in the confident expectation that the League against her, once broken up, would not be reconstituted for the purpose of renewing the war. "Treaties," we said, "exist no longer than there is a power to enforce them. The Power upon whom a treaty is imposed, seeks the first opportunity of shaking off its obligations: and it does so all the more quickly when its vanquisher has been an Alliance of States,—for the diverse interests and circumstances of those States rarely allow of their combining again for the enforcement of the treaty. Time will show if such is not to be the issue in the present case." Such were our words in April last, before the treaty of peace was ratified. What has been the sequence of events since then? The first thing that startled the country and our credulous statesmen, was the news that the Russians had totally dismantled the strong Danubian fortresses of Ismael and Reni, which the treaty stipulated should be ceded to Turkey, and also the fortifications of Kars. On being questioned as to these matters in Parliament (July 22), Lord Clarendon acknowledged that this was "a very unusual proceeding on the part of the Russian Government," and showed the amazing credulity of himself and colleagues at the Congress, by adding: "There were no regular measures taken or arrangements made about the manner in which these fortresses should be given up. I should have considered it almost an affront to require any explanation as to the way in which a thing was to be done, about which there was no difference of opinion!"* So much for the

stipulated ceding of the fortresses, which, by Russian bad faith, became the mere cession of so many mounds of rubbish. Moreover, the Russians not only remained till the last moment at Kars, but did so, in defiance of the treaty, as conquerors; so that, when the British Commissioner at Erzeroum, taking with him some officers, at length set out himself for Kars, he was stopped when he came to Russian *rayon*, and told that he could not go further. The object of Russia in thus keeping Kars to the last moment, plainly was to increase her influence over the surrounding population, and especially the Kurdish tribes. As she is the only channel of information for those people, she can easily make them believe that she emerged victorious from this as from her former wars with Turkey; and impressions of this kind, produced on a simple-minded race, are not easily effaced, and will not be without their influence on the future.

The fortresses were destroyed,—the Treaty was evaded;—but the alliance showed no symptoms of reviving. Thus encouraged, Russia went on. Lord Clarendon, when pushed to the wall in the above-quoted debate, "begged to remind the noble Earl (Derby) that the territory ceded by Russia on the banks of the Danube was not ceded principally on account of the two fortresses. The object was to prevent Russia from having any access to the Danube,—and that object would be secured." Unfortunately, here again our Foreign Minister was calculating ordinary remissness displayed by our Foreign Minister at the Congress of Paris:

"The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH said, the same precautions should have been adopted by the Government with regard to these fortresses which, as far as his memory went, had invariably been adopted when the surrender of fortresses was made the subject of treaty. He believed it was invariably the case that provisions were inserted, prescribing in the most detailed terms the state in which the fortresses should be given up, and whether the guns, the ammunition, the archives, and the plans, should also be given up. If the noble earl had taken the trouble to inquire, he would have found that this was always provided for; and if he had not taken the same precautions, the blame for what had transpired really rested with him.

"The Earl of CLARENDON.—The remarks of the noble earl are founded upon cases in which the fortresses are named in the treaty. Now, in this case the fortresses were not named.

"The Earl of DERBY.—If they were not named, that is only an additional instance of neglect. The chief value of these territories no doubt consisted in the fortresses, and the omission to name them is, I repeat, an instance of great neglect on the part of the noble earl."

*The following are some further passages from this memorable discussion, showing the extra-

without his host. Within three weeks afterwards—as soon as Parliament was prorogued!—two events took place which proved how misplaced was our Ministers' confidence in the efficacy of the Treaty. The first of these was the news that the Russians (as usual, without any word of warning) had commenced measures to secure themselves in possession of the Isle of Serpents, a post in the actual stream of the Danube! The promptness with which a British war-ship was despatched to the rescue alone prevented the Muscovites from accomplishing their purpose; and though several attempts have since been made to land parties on the island, we rejoice to say that they also have been foiled by the activity of our cruisers. In this case Lord Palmerston was on the alert, and his promptitude and decision deserve acknowledgment. But how nearly all was lost will be seen in the sequel. For, once more and again a "difficulty" started up. Almost simultaneously with this attempt of the Russians to occupy the Isle of Serpents, the commissioners engaged in defining the new boundary of Bessarabia were brought to a sudden and unexpected stand-still. The new frontier, as defined by the Treaty of Paris, was to run to the south of the town of Bolgrad,—and lo, there were *two* Bolgrads! If one of these were taken as the landmark, Russia would be excluded from the Danube; if the other, she would retain access to its waters. The former stands close to Trajan's wall, with the line of which the new boundary was designed in the main to coincide, and has no communication with the Danube; the latter lies a good way to the south of Trajan's wall, close to a lake which directly communicates with the main stream of the Danube. The Russians insisted that the latter (New Bolgrad) was the town meant in the treaty, and refused to give it up. In this view it was impossible to concur. The object of the Allies in stipulating for the cession of a portion of Bessarabia was to throw back Russia from the Danube, to the free navigation of which river she had shown herself so inimical; and at the same time to strengthen the Principalities by the addition of the ceded territory and give a more secure frontier to Turkey on the Lower Danube. Old Bolgrad answers to these requirements, and was the one pointed out by Baron Brunow at the Congress; whereas the more southerly Bolgrad would

still give Russia access to the Danube; and, moreover, the lake which lies between it and the Danube cuts in two the strip of territory ceded to the Principalities, rendering the lower half still virtually Russian. It was evident that the Czar's Plenipotentiaries at the Congress, with true Russian finesse, had deluded their colleagues by means of false or imperfect maps, and had concealed the existence of the more southerly Bolgrad, which they now affected to consider the landmark specified in the Treaty! Their demands went to nullify the whole Bessarabian concession. What the precise value of that cession was after the destruction of the fortresses, leaving merely a narrow flat strip of defenceless land between Russia and the Danube, it is needless to define; but if this strip is to be cut in two by waters navigable by Russia, and leading to the Danube, even Lord Clarendon must own that the cession was a delusion, and the whole affair the grossest imposition.

We certainly wish that, in regard to all these matters—fortresses, Isle of Serpents, boundary line—greater exactitude of conditions had been insisted on; and that, instead of constantly repeating their sickening formula, "The word of his Imperial Majesty is preferable to any convention that could be framed," Lords Palmerston and Clarendon had set themselves to prevent future danger by present firmness. At the same time—though it is impossible to acquit them of serious fault—it is but fair to own (as we perceived and said seven months ago) that they were overmastered in the Conferences; and by a stretch of charity we may conceive that their nauseous oily phrases were designed to conceal defeat on points which they dared not contest. The records of the Congress are worthless as revelations of the diplomatic contests which took place; for, in accordance with that intensely soothing policy adopted by the French Emperor, every thing was expunged from the minutes of the Congress which could give offence to any of the contracting Powers, or excite bitter remembrances in the public of Europe.

Thus our predictions in April have been fulfilled so far as they relate to Russia; let us see if they are not being equally realized by the conduct of our Allies. Russia, by a stealthy stroke, had accomplished the dismantling of the fortresses, in evasion of the

treaty, before there was time to interpose. It was a *fait accompli*, and it was useless to think of asking her to reconstruct them. But with the Isle of Serpents and Bolgrad it was different,—and here Russia resisted. She persisted in claiming the island, and refused to relinquish the town. It has seemed to us from the first, that Russia's claim to, and attempted seizure of, the Isle of Serpents, was a diplomatic ruse: that the claim was not meant to be persisted in, but was devised entirely as a shield to Bolgrad,—as a means of enabling Russia to play off, as her last card, a compromise, by which she would offer to resign her claim to the island on condition of being allowed to retain New Bolgrad and access to the Danube. Be this as it may, she resisted openly on both points the Allied interpretation of the Treaty of Paris. And her expectation that dissensions, and the obstinate reluctance of some of the lately allied States to go to war again, would prevent the Alliance from being revived to oppose her, have hitherto proved well-founded. Britain and Austria insisted on the fulfilment of the treaty; France vacillated, and leant to Russia. For the first time since the late war began, England acted independently of France, and sent a naval squadron to the mouth of the Danube; while Austria, menaced with the loss of her dearest object, that for which alone she had armed and negotiated—namely, the free navigation of the Danube—declared that she would retain her troops in the Principalities until Russia fulfilled the stipulated concession. In these circumstances, the Russian Government, ever fertile in expedients, proposed to “split the difference” between the two Bolgrads,—a counterfeit of fairness which, by still giving Russia access to the Danubian waters, would in reality have yielded to her the whole matter in dispute. Our august ally the French Emperor during these events was absent from Paris, seeking that relaxation which the toils and anxieties of government rendered necessary for him; and in his absence, the main direction of affairs fell into the hands of ministers who, to say the least, were greatly inferior in sagacity to their chief. The consequence was that France supported Russia's offer to “split the difference;” but the cabinets of London and Vienna peremptorily refused to accede. Another device was then resorted to by Russia,—namely, to offer to refer the points

in dispute to a new congress. Again the French ministers assented, and again Britain and Austria said No;—the latter parties justly observing that it would be time enough to call a new congress when the conditions agreed to at the late one were fulfilled. The diplomatic contest now waxed very warm. The Porte was a sort of neutral which either side strove to win. Turkey, indeed, had in a manner the casting vote, and moreover occupied a peculiar ground of vantage. France and Russia boldly resolved to checkmate their adversaries by inducing the Porte to demand the evacuation of the Principalities by the Austrian troops, and of the Black Sea by the British fleet. M. Thouvenel, the French ambassador, exerted himself might and main, in concert with M. Boutenieff, to obtain a decree from the Divan to this effect; and such a decree was on the very eve of being issued, when that redoubtable veteran Lord Stratford de Redcliffe blew the whole project to the winds, upset the Gallo-Russian ministry of Ali Pasha, and got Reschid Pasha, the supporter of England, reinstated in the Viziership. The result was, that the Sultan declared himself in favor of the Austrian troops remaining in the Principalities until the boundary question is settled, and publicly announced that he took upon himself the responsibility of authorizing the British fleet to remain in the Black Sea.

This was a complete triumph for British policy, and the diplomatists of France are proportionally incensed. There has always been a rivalry between the French and British Legations at Constantinople; and the last five years have witnessed several determined attempts by the French Embassy to overthrow the supremacy so long maintained by the noble representative of England. All of these have failed; but so fierce the strife, and so rancorous the worsted parties, that the French Government has found it necessary to recall more than one of its envoys at Constantinople. These facts will suffice to account for the vehement attacks made upon Lord Stratford de Redcliffe by the French journals, which have never ceased to represent him as a haughty, overbearing, impracticable old man, who carries into the present a style of diplomacy long since antiquated, and now most unsuited to the times. To those who understood the matter, these attacks were very harmless; but we regret to say that on

several occasions these Gallic accusations have been blindly adopted by a portion of the British press. It is desirable, therefore, that the true cause and origin of these aspersions should be known. It is desirable that the country should know not only that Lord de Redcliffe is as able a diplomatist as ever represented England at a foreign Court, but that British influence in Turkey is identified with him, and will stand or fall as he does. For thirty years he has represented our Government at Constantinople; and his princely bearing and munificence are proverbial throughout the Sultan's dominions. He is England in the East. From Belgrade to Bagdad, from Kars to Cairo, his name is synonymous with that of England. He symbolizes our power; and it will bode evil to our important and increasing interests in the East if his influence ever suffer eclipse.

The British fleet under Sir Edmund Lyons has now orders, and is making preparations, to winter in the Black Sea. A ship of war guards the Isle of Serpents from any *coup-de-main* of the Russians; and the Austrian troops continue in the Principalities, to be near the scene of dispute. So stands the affair. It suggests some observations. Firstly, as to the proposal for a new Congress. For England to have assented to such a proposal would have been the height of folly. Russia's great object in the present dispute is to gain time. She hopes to weary out her opponents by dogged obstinacy; and she may reasonably reckon, too, that the longer she protracts her defence, the greater will become the divergence among the Allies. With this view, she will assent to any thing that renders necessary a protraction of the dispute,—ever leaving herself, or resolving to make, a loophole of escape: therefore Britain and Austria do well to refuse further arbitration. But there are other reasons why these Powers, and especially Britain, should strenuously oppose the proposal for a new Congress. Things were bad enough for us at the last Congress, but they would be much worse now. Ever since the conclusion of peace, Russia has been sowing discord, and endeavoring to exalt her own power on the ruins of the Alliance. The active animosities of war served to close the ears of other States against her beguiling voice; and in her view Peace was precious, not only as a means of saving herself from immediate

material danger, but as once more opening a fair field for her diplomacy, by which she trusted to recover in the cabinet all that she had lost in the camp. The unprecedented magnificence of the Coronation fêtes was designed to impress the world both of the East and West with an overwhelming sense of her power, and to show how little her warlike and financial resources had been impaired by the war. By that gorgeous panoramic display of the might of the Russians, the Czar sought to re-assure his people in their faith as to the triumphant destiny of their race, as well as to cause other nations to stand in awe before the development of such gigantic power. Nor was the design a mistaken one. Throughout the East and South, upon the impressive natures of the Oriental peoples, the pageantry at Moscow will take ample effect; and the fêted deputies of Asia, intoxicated by the part they bore in the grand ceremonial, will carry to their distant homes glowing tales of a splendor that can hardly be exaggerated, and which will be the talk of the caravans from the Oxus to Cabool, from Ispahan to Erzeroum and Smyrna, to Bagdad and Damascus. Even to a Western mind the narrative of that week of Russian grandeur, as read in the brilliant columns of the *Times*, cannot fail to be impressive. And the German newspaper scribe, who said he was so dazzled and impressed that he could give no account of what he saw, is no unapt type of the faint-heartedness and awe which the display at Moscow is likely to produce upon the dreamy and vacillating German nation,—whose only desire at present is to be allowed to smoke its pipe in peace, and make up its mind about nothing.

But it is the peculiarity of Russian policy to rely for success upon persistency rather than intermittent efforts,—to trust to influences slow, steady, and secret, rather than to open displays of power. While, therefore, the costly tinsel of the coronation-fêtes was not unimproved, and amongst those dazzling ball-rooms and gay reunions Muscovite diplomacy was steadily at work, overwhelming with blandishments its recent foes,—dropping the word of promise to the ear that would in due time be broken to the heart, and hinting suspicions where it wished to sow distrust,—still it was to far wider combinations of diplomatic skill that the Russian Government looked to follow up its success.

We simple-hearted John Bulls, ever inclined to openness in all our proceedings, are little fitted to understand the Machiavellian ramifications of Russian diplomacy throughout Europe. Accustomed to a free press, which, with all its faults, has never been chargeable with corruption, we are loth to believe that for the last forty years Russian gold has been profusely distributed among the newspaper offices at Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Dresden, and Hamburg,—indeed we might almost say at every court, camp, and town in Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. Still more, we can vouch from personal knowledge to similar attempts having been made indirectly upon the English press,—the *modus operandi* in this case being, the offer of occasional Continental correspondence,—the writer sometimes representing himself as a British subject long domiciled abroad, and introducing the Russian leaven into his correspondence with great adroitness. In the cases of this kind which have come to our knowledge, the *ruse* never succeeded,—the ruthless editorial pen annihilating the objectionable passages, and quickly terminating the correspondence; but we have known the offerers of such contributions subsequently rewarded (doubtless for that and other more successful services) by the Russian Government. In cases where money would not be received, the rewards to these foreign “friends” of Russia are diamond-rings; gold snuff-boxes with the Emperor’s portrait in brilliants; Russian orders of an inferior class; presents of articles of vertu, or the appointment of relatives to cadetships in the Russian army. Besides this class of hired or bribed foreign retainers—of whom the unfortunate Kotzebue was a specimen, and of whom from personal knowledge we could give modern instances—Germany has long been inundated with Russian nobles and councillors of state, not always native-born subjects of Russia (sometimes Greeks, Frenchmen, Italians), one of whose chief duties it is to corrupt the German press, by the insertion of articles sometimes editorially, but most frequently by way of correspondence,—the contribution of “original” news or views being frequently the bait by which this is accomplished. Lastly, as a resource of Russian diplomacy only adopted on extraordinary occasions, we must mention the visit of mem-

bers of the Imperial Family, with a host of intriguers and *intrigantes* in their train, to those courts or countries where it is desired to make an impression. A striking example of this mode of conducting business was given in the summer of 1853, at the time Nicholas commenced his invasion of the Turkish territories, and when it was most desirable for Russia that England and France should not coalesce to oppose the attack. At that time it will be remembered that the Russian Princesses came to England, on the plea of delicate health; while a swarm of Russian nobles, unexampled in any former season, spread themselves over Germany “for the sake of the baths.” A similar manoeuvre is in progress now. The Dowager-Empress has betaken herself with a large retinue, on a mingled mission of health and politics, to northern Italy; while the wife of the Grand-duke Constantine and the Grand-duchess Helena are perambulating Germany on a mission of the latter kind only.

These various operations of Russian diplomacy have told upon the once sturdy fabric of the Alliance, and have rendered any assent on our part to a fresh Congress perfectly suicidal. Prussia is ready, as before, to vote with Russia; Sardinia is being cajoled by lavish professions of Russia’s hatred to Austria; and France would rather yield the points in dispute than re-open the war. With such a following, Russia would have a clear majority in any new Congress against the views held by Great Britain; and on this account, as well as on the general ground that the insular and naval interests of Britain can find no support on the Continent, we trust our rulers will keep as clear as possible of European Congresses.

As regards our present relations with France, it is unquestionable that the unavoidable suspension of the personal superintendence by Napoleon III. of the foreign policy of his empire, allowed too much scope to his Ministers’ leanings to Russia; and the visit of M. Persigny, the able French minister at our Court, to his imperial master at Compiègne was much needed in order to counteract the anti-British representations of Count Walewski. But it were vain to shut our eyes to the fact that the position of France and its Emperor is such as to incline them to the maintenance of peace at any

price. In our article on "The Peace," in May, we showed the weighty considerations which existed to urge the French Emperor to bring the war to a close. Without recurring to the political considerations then stated, we may say that the financial ones have since then assumed a still more momentous aspect. The astonishing development of industrial enterprise in France, under the fostering administration of Napoleon III., has brought with it perils as well as advantages. The old hoarding habits of the people have been broken down,—the scattered savings and small capitals, formerly uselessly locked in drawers or hid in corners, have been embarked in industrial undertakings; and, crowning the whole, the gigantic Credit Mobilier has assumed to itself the execution of all the great works in Europe. The Austrian railways are in its hands; through an affiliated company at Madrid, it has advanced large sums to the Spanish Government, and succeeded in exciting a railway-mania even among the staid and immobile population of the Peninsula;—and besides a thousand minor undertakings, it has contracted for the execution of the great Russian railways, a work involving an expenditure of at least forty-five millions sterling. This outburst of enterprise and development of the credit-system, eminently desirable in itself, has been carried to a critical height; because the magnitude of the undertakings is such that nothing but a combination of favorable circumstances will allow of their being conducted to a successful close. The progress of this grand speculative scheme is like that of a boat sunk to the water's edge with a load of gold. Of course the more gold that is placed in the boat, the more profitable the enterprise, if it succeed; but nothing but calm seas and fair weather will carry the bark to its haven. The occurrence of a Continental war at present would cause those vast speculations to miscarry; and their fall would probably drag down the whole financial fabric of France, entailing great suffering upon the people, and utterly ruining the prestige of the Napoleonic Government. Even without the pressure of war, the internal condition of France is critical. The very operations of the Credit Mobilier have served to embarrass itself, by creating such an increased demand for money as to drain the banks of their reserves of bullion,

and raise the money-rates so high as to sweep away profits and threaten to arrest enterprises in mid-career. Added to this, an unhappy combination of circumstances—among which are to be classed the inundations, the failure of the silk crop, the high price of food, and scarcity of house-accommodation for the working-classes in Paris—has produced a considerable amount of discontent among the people; and, as always happens in France, the national distress is laid as a charge against the Government.

So circumstanced, fettered, it is impossible for the French Government to act with the same freedom and boldness as ours. It is true, Russia is befooling her late colleagues at the Conferences, and openly eluding fulfilment of the conditions of peace; but the French Government, as Russia foresaw would be the case, once loosened from the war, will not re-engage in it for the purpose of checking this breach of faith. Indeed, a majority of the Paris journals have of late spoken bitterly of the English alliance; and as several of those journals are the property of individuals connected with the Bourse, their rage at the line of policy adopted by the British Government is easily understood. The *Assemblée Nationale*, the organ of the Fusionists, reminds its readers that "in the reign of Louis XVI. the united fleets of France and Spain were mistresses of the Channel, and blockaded the English in their own ports;" and expresses a hope that in the event of any future quarrel with this country, "the French navy will be enabled with the assistance of an ally, *even were that ally Russia*, to counterbalance the power of Great Britain on the sea." Such a coalition for this very purpose was pointed out by us as one of the grand contingencies of the future, against which it becomes us ever to stand on our guard; and if this little hint from the *Assemblée* serve to impress the idea on the dull mind of the British public, we shall forgive that journal the many bitter things it has said of our country. It is to be observed that, despite the divergence of opinion between the two Governments, the French Emperor and his mouthpiece the *Moniteur* continue leal to the alliance with England, and we believe that the maintenance of that alliance is regarded by him as the sheet-anchor of his foreign policy. But to how many risks is it exposed! "A

man is immortal till his work is done," was the noble saying of Napoleon III. the last time he escaped the cowardly bullet of the assassin; but is not the converse of the saying in some sense true also? We confess we have looked of late with fear and foreboding on that stately life which bears the sorrowful burden of Gallic sovereignty,—the pillar that upholds the tranquillity of western Europe,—the sole barrier that separates France from the deluge. We feel as if that imperial life, which has culminated so strangely and grandly, were now in a trough of the waves, from which it must speedily emerge or sink. Our poor feeble eye sees no way of emergence. Inimical everywhere to revolution and popular risings, as incentives to similar movements against his own throne,—yet equally apprehensive of a league of the despotic Courts of eastern Europe, Napoleon III. shrinks from taking any step which, by rupturing the present tranquillity, would force him from his position of neutrality. Accordingly he bends his whole energies to maintain things as they are. Hence that policy of conciliation he has of late adopted in all quarters. We do not believe, whatever be the case with his Ministers, that the penetrating eye of the French Emperor is in the least blinded by Muscovite courtesies to the perils of Europe from the ever-growing power of Russia; but his heart is set on avoiding a present rupture, and he uses soft words to obliterate past irritation. It is the same in regard to other States. Everywhere Napoleon III. is seen pouring oil on the troubled waters. We fear the task is too great for any man. At most, the success can be but temporary. In Spain, in Italy, a conflagration is smouldering, and its outburst is likely to produce combinations in foreign politics to which we look forward with much disquiet. While, then, we turn to account our present alliances, let us not forget that one day we may have to do without them.

Time fails us to speak of the fracas with Naples, save to say that it has been an ill-judged business. Even were we to grant that the advantage of ameliorating the condition, and so preserving the tranquillity of Italy, by obtaining reforms at Naples, justified intervention on the part of the Western Powers, the mode of intervening was one open to the gravest objections. The august

majesty of King Bomba, calculating upon the reluctance of the French Emperor to proceed to extremities, set at defiance the threats and remonstrances of the Western Powers—and so we are openly snubbed by this contemptible little Vesuvian despot! But be it so. We prefer that the indiscretion of our Ministers should so end, rather than that, by putting a torch to Naples, we should have set Italy in a blaze. That blaze is sure to come; but, having grievous misgivings as to its immediate result, we would not for the world that the responsibility of exciting that conflagration rested with England.

Running our eye over the Continent, what are the aspects of the hour? Troubled exceedingly. Spain, which for the last three years has been steadily going from bad to worse, is now so near the rapids, that France and England, with all their desire to save her, now cry, "Hands off!" and submit to let her go. Sicily is uneasy—so is Italy. The affair of Neufchâtel, between Prussia and the Swiss Diet, ought to be easily arranged; but farther east we find the question of the Principalities and the Bessarabian frontier in a state of hopeless complication. Austrian troops in the Principalities—Russians in Bolgrad—the British fleet in the Black Sea—everywhere the treaty set at nought. Moreover, it is now seen that the "neutralization" of the Black Sea is a sham. The numerous vessels of the Steam Navigation Companies which Russia is establishing in the Euxine, are merely war-ships in disguise: it was expressly ordered that they should be built so as to be convertible into ships-of-war,—and although our Government allowed its project of this kind in regard to the West India mail-packet steamers to be blundered, the Russian Government, which cares little for commerce and every thing for war, will take better care to see that the war-structure of the vessels is attended to. Still further east, we see Russian officers enlisting against us in the army of the Shah, and agencies at work which may make us loth to withdraw our fleet from the Black Sea. Turning back to Austria, we find a new recruitment just ordered in every province of the empire, in order to make up the losses of the army during the last three years by deaths (35,000!) and expiry of service; and the

sum for procuring a substitute has been fixed by the authorities at 1500 florins! But Russia furnishes more significant symptoms of the times. The Prussian frontiers are but weakly guarded, while the garrisons of Warsaw and the fortified places near the Austrian frontiers are still kept on a war-footing. Nicolaieff has now a garrison of 8000 men, which proves that it will retain its rank as a fortress of the first class. The head-quarters of the 6th corps have been removed from their old station, Moscow, to Kharkoff, in order to be nearer the Caucasus, upon which point Russia is accumulating forces. Or turn to the shores of the Baltic, and there we find the Russian dockyards and arsenals in full employ, and fortifications in progress of erection in Finland,—one at the very head of the Gulf of Bothnia and close to the Swedish frontier. So threatening are those preparations that Sweden has taken the alarm. A letter from Stockholm, dated the 12th November, says: "The energy displayed in the Russian naval dockyards and arsenals, where, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the foundries are at work, and the sound of the hammer is heard from morning till night, has not failed to excite the attention of the Swedes, who, if they do not consider it a direct menace, look upon it at least as a hint to set their house in order." Accordingly they have resolved to complete immediately the chain of fortresses called the "central defensive system," which has been for some time in course of construction, and also to strengthen the defences of the existing citadels. The fortresses of Carlsborg, Wraxholm, Carlsteen, and Carlscrona have undergone great repairs, and been considerably strengthened during the past and present years. Measures are also in progress to augment the effective power of the troops, by the introduction of the Minié rifle and detonating needle-gun, and other improvements; while ordnance surveys are being vigorously prosecuted, and it is expected that the topographic map of Sweden will be completed shortly, which will prove a work of great strategic importance.

Our firm belief is, that these signs of trouble and apprehension will not pass away without producing convulsion. They are not the mists of morning quickly vanishing before the summer's sun, but the gathering

of storm-clouds, indicating a disturbance of the electric elements, which can only regain equilibrium by explosion. What, then, is the inference to be drawn from the various phenomena of the internal and external condition of the country which we have passed in review? Simply, as it appears to us, this,—that foreign policy is naturally attracting so much of the national regard that it will soon become the chief shaping power of our parliamentary parties; and that those who aspire to the leadership of the nation cannot too soon or too earnestly address themselves to the consideration of the many grave, and withal complex and difficult problems, which that department of statesmanship presents. Not that domestic legislation will stand still—far from it, we trust; but, having cleared off all long-standing arrears, it becomes us to see that our future legislation is not hurried,—and to bear in mind that it is the first principle of Conservatism, as of true wisdom, that it is better to do little, and do it well, than to encumber the statute-book with crude legislation.

We know that many thoughtful minds throughout the country are specially arrested by the threatening aspect of foreign affairs; and that the masses, by an instinct—that mysterious presentiment that so often inspires nations on the eve of coming troubles,—have come to the same conclusion, must be obvious to all. It rests with Parliament and its leaders to shape into wise acts the sentiments thus brooding vaguely in the public mind. The public can but supply the *force*; Parliament must be the head to direct that force into correct channels, and give expression to it by particular acts of policy. And the chart of foreign politics, with its shifting currents and sunken reefs, is at present no plain sailing.

As to our internal defences, much may be said in favor of the recent reduction of the army; but it appears to us that the entire disbandment of the militia was a step-unwise and uncalled-for. Ministers in prescribing it appear to have done so from no higher consideration than that, having made a Peace, it behoved them to act as if that peace were a good and safe one; whereas, as Sir E. B. Lytton recently remarked, "the less said about it the better;" and even the Ministry must have been perfectly aware that it was "a conclusion which concluded

nothing." In defence of the harsh manner in which the disbandment of the militia was carried out, we conceive nothing can be said: it was not only injudicious, but disgraceful; and the effect cannot fail to be most detrimental to this peculiarly national branch of the service, by deterring both officers and privates from volunteering into its ranks.

As to the external relations of the country, the main ends of our foreign policy having been reasoned out in former articles, may be briefly stated here. The first is, so to shape our policy, and maintain the magnitude and efficiency of our fleet, as to provide against that greatest peril of the future—a naval confederacy against the maritime power, and consequently the independence and commercial wealth, of Great Britain. The next is,

ever to cultivate a good understanding with America; and to support and draw closer our alliances with the Scandinavian Powers, as a guard against Russia becoming supreme in the Baltic, adding its seafaring population to her own, and advancing her fleet and arsenals to an impregnable position behind the Sound, from whence they could issue at any time to attack the British shores. Finally, we must seek to extend our influence in Syria, as a bulwark for the overland route to India. We leave details to the wisdom of our rulers. But we have no hesitation to reiterate as the three grand ends of our Old World policy, To maintain a first-rate fleet,—to keep a sharp eye upon Syria,—and, if necessary, to fight to the death for Scandinavia.

Pictures of Life and Character. By John Leech. From the collection of *Mr. Punch*. Second series. Bradbury & Evans.

MR. LEECH is the kindest-hearted satirist that ever wrote. He laughs as he slips his keen lancet even into the most poisonous of imposthumes. He comes to us smiling, and in a moment our agonizing molar shines between his nimble and extended fingers. He touches everybody, but nobody is hurt. His fly-flap does not kill, but only brushes away the teasing annoyances of the hour. Noah's Ark coats, crinoline balloons, bloomerisms, the mustache movement, all fly and buzz, and are knocked down by our keen-eyed friend as certainly as a noisy wasp that braves the wrath of a grocer. Come-round hats, ponchos, thin umbrellas, any ridiculous attenuation or bombast of dress, and as certainly off goes Mr. Leech's six-chambered joke revolver at it and brings it down to a dead certainty. He is the delight of every one because he sketches London life in all its phases, because he is genial and sociable, and not so intellectual and cold-blooded as to despise common enjoyments and live on caviare. He hunts, he boats, he crickets, he is fond of a ball or a whist-party, and he visits all new amusements. He pleases the young men because he can draw the prettiest eye and the neatest foot in the world, the prettiest curling rosebud of a lip, and the daintiest chin,—the clubs like him because he knows the real step and carriage of a gentleman,—the public dinner, Freemasons' Tavern, middle-aged, middle class, because he laughs at them as if he liked them, and does not hit too often in the same place. He jokes at you as a friend does, and you feel he jokes

because he knows you are good-tempered, and will bear it. Even the smallest of foplings he runs the hook into, as Isaak Walton says, "as though he loved him." Cabmen, street boys, postmen, policemen, all the celebrities of our streets, he photographs in their drollest positions, till a dull man would really begin to be almost persuaded that he had been asleep, and that our modern world was, after all, as witty as Congreve's, as gay as Farquhar's, as poetical as Shakspeare's, as whimsical as Butler's, and as sociable as Johnson's. He shows us the fuss, tumult, and helter-skelter of railway stations,—the strange contrasts and groupings of the Crystal Palace,—the absurd misunderstandings of foreign travel,—the miseries of amateur yachting, boating, and fox hunting: the folly, ridicule, and certain failure of all sham and pretension, in fact, is Mr. Leech's constant and best moral. The rough independence and practical jokes of our street boys, the impudence and slyness of our cabmen, the vanity and ignorance of our shopmen, the listlessness of our rising generation, the conceit of servants, the plausibility of our doctors, the knavishness of our horse-dealers, are as familiar to Mr. Leech as if he saw every thing that happens every day in every London street, and never forgot a fraction of it. All the anomalies, strange social discomfitures and annoyances,—the gooseberry passed off for champagne,—the serious footman who will not come in to prayers if the governess reads them,—the burglarious noise in the night that is "only the wind,"—are sketched in this book; and never was society so playfully filleted and touched up before.—*Athenaeum.*

EXTRACTS FROM POETRY OF THE EAST.

BY W. R. ALGER.

UNIMPROVED PRIVILEGES.

THROUGH Paradise once went a troop of straying
asses,
Nor stopped till Hell they reached, where no
cool spring nor grass is.
Like them he acts who, born with every want
prepared for,
Perverts his gifts, and wastes his days, and dies
uncared for.

GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN !

Turn thou thine eyes from each seducing sight,
For looking whets the ready edge of appetite.

THOUGHT FROM CHARACTER.

The rascal, thinking from his point of view,
Concludes that all the world are rascals too.

FOLLY FOR ONE'S SELF.

He who is only for his neighbors wise,
While his own soul in sad confusion lies,
Is like those men who builded Noah's ark,
But sank themselves beneath the waters dark.

LESSON OF SUBMISSION : FROM SAADI.

A pilgrim, bound to Mecca, quite away his sandals wore,
And on the desert's blistering sand his feet grew very sore.
"To let me suffer thus, great Allah, is not kind nor just,
While in thy service I confront the painful heat and dust,"
He murmured in complaining tone; and in this temper came
To where, around the Caaba, pilgrims knelt of every name :
And there he saw, while pity and remorse his bosom beat,
A pilgrim who not only wanted shoes, but also feet.

THE UNWALLED HOUSE OF GOD.

The holy Nanac on the ground, one day,
Reclining with his feet towards Mecca, lay.
A passing Moslem priest, offended, saw,
And, flaming for the honor of his law,
Exclaimed, "Base infidel, thy prayers repeat !
Towards Allah's house how dar'st thou turn thy feet ?"
Before the Moslem's shallow accents died,
The pious but indignant Nanac cried,
"And turn them if thou canst towards any spot
Wherein the awful house of God is not."

THE PILGRIM TO DEITY.

Heedless, allured, one moment I forgot my goal :
A thousand years it stretched the journey of my soul.

From The National Era.
DAY-DREAMS.

E'EN from the day-break, till the night's dun curtain

Spreads o'er the West,
Dreaming I go with swift steps but uncertain,
On to the unknown rest.

Because life's road is dusty and uneven,
And weary is the way,
Ever before there gleams some mirage haven,
Where Hope her flight may stay.

Out from the bright clouds, that are earthward stooping,

Rise the fair castle walls;
I see Peace's white flag from its turrets drooping—

I see its open halls.

I almost hear the wind's low whispering voices,
Bending the green-leaved trees;
Or where the fountain in the sun rejoices,
Hear the birds' melodies.

But some rough-world jar breaks upon my dreaming,

Like a harsh bell at morn;
I turn again to where its walls were gleaming,
And, sighing, find it gone.

Then others rise, as in some Eastern story,
And forward far off lay;

But, all, alas ! tinged with an earth-born glory,
And soon to pass away.

At the road's end, the view that meets my vision

With awe my spirit fills;
I see dark death-clouds covering lands elysian,
And adamant hills.

And wandering, dreamy, idle, and unthinking,
Unheeding where I go,

I look at the stern mountain summits, and see, shrinking,

The dark clouds darker grow.

But turning earnest to the life-path dreary,
And smoothing down the way

For some poor tried one, following sad and weary,

And putting dreams away.

Then o'er the eternal hills the light seems dawning,

Through the dull, cloudy screen,
Telling young dreamers that now, in their morning,

Life is to act, not to dream.

From The Press.

THE CASE OF MR. HENRY CORT.

It was a question much mooted among ancient casuists whether a man could injure himself. If some of those persons had existed during the last two centuries, and been located in the British Islands, they would have had abundant opportunities of obtaining a practical answer to their query. They were fond of regarding individuals and nations as counterparts of each other; and in so far as the British people may be considered as one man, we can have no hesitation in saying that it has very frequently injured itself; for a man can do himself no greater injury than to deter people from endeavoring to serve him, and our conduct as a nation towards public benefactors has decidedly for many generations been the reverse of encouraging.

One of the most flagrant instances of the injustice and oppression to which the British inventor is liable will, if the alleged facts are true, be found in the case of the gentleman whose name stands at the head of our article. These facts have been so recently before the public that we shall content ourselves with a very brief recapitulation.

Mr. HENRY CORT, of Gosport, about the year 1780, invented that process of preparing iron which was in universal use for the subsequent sixty years. Up to the time of his invention we had been dependent upon Norway and Sweden for all our wrought iron, England not possessing sufficient supplies of wood to furnish the charcoal which was necessary for the old-fashioned process. What we then paid to these countries was about a million and a half per annum. Let any reader reflect on the increase in our demand for that metal which has taken place since the end of the last century, and he will have some idea of the extent to which Mr. Cort, by enabling us to make our own wrought iron, has benefitted the finances of the country. Mr. Cort patented his process, and the leading ironmasters of the country contracted to pay him ten shillings per ton on all the iron so manufactured. In an evil hour for himself Mr. Cort entered into partnership with a Mr. Adam Jellicoe, of the Navy Pay-office, London, who, becoming a defaulter in his accounts, deposited with the Navy-office the patents and contracts belonging to his unfortunate partner. What was done with these documents, or to what account they were turned, is a mystery;

for at Jellicoe's death, a few years after, the defalcation had only been reduced from £27,500 to £24,846, though the contracts were bringing in from £15,000 to £20,000 a year. For this balance of £24,846 Mr. Cort was held answerable, as Jellicoe's partner; his premises and machinery were seized, and he became a ruined man. Fourteen years after Mr. Pitt allowed him a pension of £200 a year, and at his death his two unmarried daughters received pensions almost too pitiful to mention—£20 a year each. We should also not omit to add, that since the facts have come to light through the public press, a pension of £50 a year has been granted to the sole surviving son of the Gosport manufacturer. But this cannot be accepted as the slightest mitigation of an injury which involves more than as many thousands.

We should probably rather prejudice than advance the claims of Mr. Cort's family, by raking up long-forgotten scandals, and endeavoring to account for the disappearance of the patents and contracts. Whatever might have been the motive which prompted their destruction, there can, at least, be no doubt of the terrible wrong done to the inventor. During the eleven years that his patents lasted, while in the hands of the Government, the profits must have exceeded £200,000, yet his children are now penniless, while notorious public delinquents left large sums to their posterity.

The moralists tell us that virtue is its own reward. Public virtue, we presume, is an exception. Science devoted to the public is certainly its own punishment. Mr. Cort, for saving to this country an outlay of £500,000,000, was mulcted in the sum of £240,000; for he lost a considerable private fortune in addition to the profits of this discovery. And gentlemen under whose management £200,000 disappeared from the public accounts, were rewarded to nearly as great an extent as Mr. Cort was punished.

The concluding words of Mr. Cort's petition are as follows:

"Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that your Honorable House will be pleased to institute such inquiry as may lead to an adequate provision for their declining years, a reward commensurate with the gratitude of a great nation to its benefactor for having added to its wealth five times the cost of the late war, and saving besides sixty millions yearly (a sum progressing and increasing);

that when rewards and honors are scattered with liberal hand, and festivities instituted to celebrate peace, it may no longer go forth to the world, and be re-echoed by foreign tongues, that the Government of the British empire have underrated for more than half a century, the services of one who has so prodigiously enriched his own country, by leaving two of his aged daughters to exist on small pensions of only £19 per annum each; and his only surviving son, your petitioner, with one other daughter, wholly destitute of any pension whatever."

We sincerely hope that this inquiry will be accorded. The question has now gained a publicity which makes it as important to the country to prove the falsehood of Mr. Cort's statement, if false, as for Mr. Cort's children to prove it true. Let us either make restitution manfully, or relieve ourselves at once from the stigma of such treachery and injustice as the annals of State corruption would be hard pressed to rival.

Poets and Statesmen; their Homes and Haunts in the Neighborhood of Eton and Windsor. By W. Dowling, Esq. Williams.

THE Poets who are brought forward in Mr. Dowling's gay-looking volume are Milton, Cowley, Denham, Waller, and Pope. The Statesmen are Burke, Fox, Canning, Grenville, and Wellesley. From the death of the first-named poet, in 1674, to that of the last-named statesman, in 1842, a period elapsed of more than a century and a half. It was a period marked by great changes, and in the lives, writings, manners, and morals of these personages, times, localities, opinions, and prejudices might have been very pleasantly, even though briefly illustrated. Mr. Dowling, however, has done but little in this way—of which little the following is a specimen: "At Horton," says Mr. Dowling, "the mother of the great poet lies buried in the chancel of the parish church. The villagers seem to pride themselves on this indubitable and sole visible sign of their connection with the history of the bard. One little incident seems to prove this. Being unacquainted with Horton, we were uncertain in what direction the church or site of Milton's abode was to be looked for. Turning about for some guide, we noticed a neat matronly-looking woman tending her little cottage garden. Without any preface we put the question, 'Do you know where Milton's house stood?'—'Indeed I don't,' said she, 'but I dare say the clerk does; but, sir, Milton's mother is buried in the church,—that I know.' Poor woman! how natural was her feeling that the mother of a great man should bear some portion of his honor. We entered the church, having paused for a minute to note the fine ancient door-way at the north end, and immediately came upon the grave of 'Sara Milton.' In the centre of the chancel a dark slab lies level with the floor; it bears no heraldic devices, not one word of praise or regret meets the eye: three lines of rudely carved letters tell the simple but solemn tale: 'Heare lyeth the body of Sara Milton the wife of John Milton who died the 3rd of April 1637.'"—With the exception of this anecdote most of the remainder of the book seems to be chiefly a compilation. Of pure "book-making," it is a very good specimen; and the "making" appears to have been for the purpose of illustrating the plates, which, after all,

it does not illustrate. The letter-press has little to do with Eton or Windsor, or the vicinity,—but the plates give some value to the volume as a "gift-book," and Mr. Dowling's contributions may be acceptable to those who have, hitherto, known nothing of the personages of whom he treats.—*Athenæum*.

Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical. By John Draper, M.D. New York, Harper Brothers; London, Low & Co.

DR. DRAPER has long been known in this country by his chemical and physical reesarches, and especially such as bear on the phenomena of life. Of all the relative departments of science there are none which bear so directly on physiology as chemistry. Gradually the physiologist is beginning to discover that the body, which, a little time ago, he regarded as independent of the laws of inorganic matter and living under the control of an ever active vital principle, is composed of material atoms like unto those in the mineral world, and that all its functions may be resolved into physical and chemical processes. The chemist has imitated in his laboratory the compounds that were formerly supposed to be the results of life alone. Digestion has been shown to be a chemical process, the blood a chemical fluid, and the changes which are effected in it to maintain animal heat, the interchange of the affinities of carbon and oxygen, as simple as those which produce heat out of the animal body. It is to the chemist that the physiologist directs his attention, and Mulder, Liebig, Dumas, Bernard, and Graham are the men who have recently most advanced the science of physiology. It was, then, with some interest that we turned to a volume on Physiology by so competent a chemist as Dr. Draper, and we have not been disappointed. The science of Physiology is of such vast extent—it embraces problems of so highly complicated a character—that it permits of being discussed from several points of view. Without being merely chemical, Dr. Draper treats the subject of physiology from an eminently chemical point of view. The work embraces all the usual subjects of physiological science, and also chapters on the physical character and social condition of man. It is written in a very easy, fluent style, and is a work that deserves to be in the library of every student of physiology.—*Athenæum*.

From The Athenæum.

POMPEII—PRESERVATION OF THE PAINTINGS ON THE WALLS—A NEW MODE.

DESPITE the various efforts which have been made to preserve the designs on the walls both of Herculaneum and Pompeii, time has too often anticipated them all, and before the cunning hand of the artist could transfer them to paper, I had observed them fading, peeling, and cracking. It has, therefore, been with almost a sentiment of regret that we have watched any new excavation, for though it has brought to light the graces and wonders which have been hidden for centuries, it has been well known that many of these were doomed to destruction after a short exposure to the air. Thus it is that season after season I had watched some deterioration in the freshness and distinctness of the paintings on the walls, until, in some cases, they have faded almost entirely. Any discovery, therefore, which would lead to the better preservation of the Pompeian frescoes would be hailed by the whole artistic world with great joy; and it is with a view to such a discovery that a series of experiments have been tried. So far back as 1854 a commission was instituted by the members of the Accademia Ercolanese and of Belle Arti, under the presidency of the Director of the Museum, in order to propose some methods best calculated to preserve the Pompeian paintings. These, as soon as they were discovered, had formerly been covered with a varnish of wax, which gave them rather a yellow tinge and an appearance similar to that of oil paintings. This commission made many experiments, first with liquefied wax either cold or warm. But in 1855, it having transpired that in Germany silicate of potass had been used by the direction of M. Culman, a quantity of the liquid preparation was ordered from Bavaria, together with the machine which had been invented to sprinkle it by means of steam. The paintings were first washed with pure fountain water, and the silicate, mixed with half its weight of distilled water, was afterwards applied according to the directions of Culman. Up to the present time the sole result of the many experiments has been that the colors have been petrified, but not as yet has the other most important object been attained, that of restoring the colors to the same state in which they appeared on

their being first exposed to the light of day. It is therefore that the commission, which embraces amongst its members two chemists, continue their experiments in order to obtain some method of preserving the freshness of the colors.

From another source I derive the following interesting details. In the first instance wax in a cold state was passed over the frescoes with the result I have already described; secondly, wax was passed on with heat; thirdly, a varnish made of wax and mastic; and, fourthly, silicate of potassia. The commission has not yet declared its opinion of the results; but from a highly intelligent source I have learnt that the last method is the worst, for in the case of a painted masque on which the silicate had been tried, it had drawn around it so much sal nitro that the picture was almost covered and devoured. The two pictures which had been experimented on with the caustic were a little better, but by far the most successful result was obtained from wax with mastic. The clearness and the smoothness of the paintings were wonderful—all the original freshness of the coloring was revived, and, to use the phrase of my informant, the paintings became "tale quale" as they were at first. This last mode was recommended by Cav. Fergola, a distinguished Neapolitan painter, —the cold wax by a Neapolitan artist called Trapani,—and the hot wax by San Giorgio. I must, however, be understood as giving these later details not upon authority, though from a highly intelligent source, whilst the first part of my report is from authority.

The houses that have been experimented on are one called the "Casa di Lucrezia," or the Suonatrice, known amongst the guides as the house of the Duc de Luynes, in whose presence it was opened. This house is situated in the Strada Arconio, opposite the new baths, and the other house on which the experiment has been tried is in the Strada or Strabiana No. 57, commonly called the house of the Grand Duke of Russia. The advantages which will result from the success of such experiments are almost too obvious to be enumerated:—first, the eye and the taste will be gratified, and instead of looking in a few years on a mere collection of bricks and stones, we shall still be enabled to gaze on those graceful forms which have

so much influenced modern art; secondly, the interior of Pompeian life will thus be made manifest, not only to the imagination, but to the actual inspection of the denizen of the nineteenth century; and, thirdly, it is not improbable that such success may contribute to the entireness of the city, for there will be less inducement as there will be less necessity for removing objects to the Museum, and we may be better able to realize that great desideratum, the restoration of Pompeian houses in their original forms. The fear is in such cases that too much would be done, and that instead of old houses being restored new houses would be built, whereas nothing more need be done

than clear out the rubbish, raise the roof, and replace the articles found in their appropriate places. The experiments now being made will defend perhaps the paintings;—meantime the visitor who wanders through this disintombed city and gazes on the various objects on the walls, or who examines all the articles taken from the ruins and now deposited in the Museum, should possess himself of a book of plates, with descriptive letter-press, by Carlo Ceci, custode of the rich collection of small bronzes and the sacred utensils in the Museo Borbonico, entitled "*Piccoli Bronzi del real Museo Borbonico.*"

RAT-CATCHERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—It has been truly said that one-half of the inhabitants of all large cities know not how the other half live. This fact will apply to San Francisco as forcibly as to any other. Our population is a heterogeneous one, composed of the representatives of every nation on the habitable globe,—men of every trade, profession, and calling among us known to the civilized world,—and all striving with unabated energy and enterprise to forereach his neighbor in the search after wealth. But of all resorts to which human ingenuity is applied whereby to make an honest livelihood, that of the rat-catchers seems to be the most singular.

There exists among us a numerous class of persons whose only vocation consists in catching rats and preparing their skins for exportation. This business is mostly confined to a few Frenchmen, who have in their employ a number of Chinamen well skilled in the art. Night after night they spread death and destruction among the innumerable swarms of these pests that infest our thoroughfares. While the greater portion of our population are asleep, "John Chinaman," like the *chiffonniers* or ragpickers (another distinct class of persons we have in our midst), is wide awake and pursuing his calling. He is what might be called a professional "rat-ter," and is as well versed as a Scotch terrier in the most approved method of discovering and of taking them.

The wharves along the water front of the city are nightly frequented by them; but in most cases they seek the isolated places in the outskirts of the city, where the rats fatten on the garbage thrown from the slaughter-houses, to set their traps. These traps are square boxes, about two feet long, and of the same width, and some eighteen inches deep, the top and bottom

constructed of wood and the sides wire net. Each one has several openings on the sides, with the wire inverted, so that when a rat enters it is almost impossible for him to make his escape by the way he came in. Each Chinaman is provided with two of these traps. When about starting out he baits them, and then selects a suitable place to set them. After having done this he retires a short distance to watch his game. If the bait takes well he does not wait long before the traps are full. If game is not so plenty he moves on to some other locality, and repeats the same operation.

In this manner he proceeds until he has made a good "haul," when he retraces his steps homewards, and deposits his traps in a receptacle provided for the purpose. This place usually consists of a large dry-goods box, with apertures here and there covered with wire. The rats are placed in it, and in the day-time are suffocated by means of charcoal. Each Chinaman, with any kind of good luck, very often succeeds in taking from one to two hundred rats a night. These are sold to the parties who employ them at so much per dozen, who derive considerable profit from the business. The skins are dried and tied up in small packages of fifty each, ready for exportation. They are sent to Paris, and there manufactured into what are called kid gloves, and returned to us as "Alexandre's best," which may be seen displayed in the windows of our fancy dry-goods stores.

Our Chinese residents readily adapt themselves to any kind of industry, however disagreeable, that promises a reward for their labor. The catching of rats cannot be so revolting to them as might be expected, as it is said the animal, when cooked and served up in Celestial style, forms an important item in their cuisine.—*San Francisco Herald.*

From The Protestant Churchman.

SOUTHEY'S LETTERS.

SOUTHEY'S mental traits, as they are anew unfolded in his lately published correspondence, become more than ever attractive and interesting. His mental life possesses a deeper interest than any of his works. "Madoc" and "Thalaba," his histories and biographies, may be forgotten, but it is impossible that the memory of his unceasing devotion to letters and his ardent pursuit of fame can ever pass away.

Day after day for forty years, in his pleasant house at Keswick, Southey labored as no other man of his time had done, planning, preparing, writing, and publishing. For all this toil—the devotion of a lifetime—he demanded a single reward, immortality. He declined all opportunities of making money, shrank from the fairest prospects of political eminence, and lived continually in a painful, uncertain present, for the sake of a shadowy future.

A statue in St. Paul's was all that he asked from his country, and of this reward he often tells his friends he is well assured. He wonders how his own features will look in marble; how the sculptor will succeed in his task, and whether the likeness will prove good. He cannot enter St. Paul's without fancying that he sees his own effigy seated among those his country loves to honor, and looking down upon him in deathless marble.

How faithfully Southey labored to attain this idea's aim, his correspondence indicates. Coleridge said he could never think of Southey except as reading a book or making one. This was his only occupation. His first step in composing any work was to read. His mind was not one of those that produces naturally, and abound in novel and striking thoughts. He could, in fact, write nothing without extensive materials.

His poems were made up from his commonplace book, with so little aid from fancy, that they may be read with as much pleasure by the historical student as by the lover of poetry. He wrote his notes with more care than his verses; the latter he poured forth in fatal profusion; the former he carefully weighed and studied. Of the usual marks of genius, passages of rare power or verses of divine sweetness, Southey shows no trace. It is memory rather than fancy that enriches his pages. Such an in-

finite display of readings, such care in gathering up novel facts, such an easy, harmonious mode of arranging and presenting them to his readers, no other writer has exhibited.

But poetry wants something more. Southey's intellect, clogged, perhaps, by the weight of its acquisitions, never rose into poetic power. His vast epics can scarcely be read. A classic by profession, he relied chiefly on the plainness of his style and the richness of his memory.

Never were epic characters so elaborately adorned as his. In "Kehama" or "Thalaba" whole volumes of Oriental reading are condensed. In "Madoc" one enters into the whole inner life of the Welsh. In "Roderic" Gothic Spain lives again. These poems, therefore, should not be neglected by the scholar, if they fail to retain the favor of the public. They are more historical than many histories.

It would be false, however, to say that Southey was no poet. There are many passages in "Roderic" and "Joan of Arc" of lasting excellence. Like Pope, Southey sometimes forgot to labor. In fact, there is a certain resemblance between these poets, so unlike in theory and training. Pope always toiling upon his peculiar principle to say something witty and effective; Southey forever laboring to call his wide reading into play. Pope mistaking brilliant couplets for poetry, and Southey emptying his commonplace book into "Madoc" or "Kehama." Yet both names must ever take a fair place in the lists of poetry, and he remembered.

His materials thus gained, Southey had but little trouble in writing. The first excellence of style, he thought, was its clearness, and he simply strove to present his thoughts to the reader in a language easy to be understood. By habit he came to write as easily as he thought. It was never a labor for him to write. His mind was always full, his memory clear, his style simple, if not severe, and his histories, poems, colloquies, and theories, political or moral, flowed out rapidly, and gave him no trouble.

When Johnson took up his pen it was with reluctance and pain. His various mental faculties refused to act until his strong will subdued them. Rousseau's thoughts fell slowly from his mind. Gray or Gold-

smith would toil for years on a few harmonious lines. But Southey went to his literary task with joy, and accomplished in a few months more verses than Addison ever wrote, more history than Roscoe would have written in years.

Three or four works he would have going on at the same moment. History after breakfast, the "Doctor" after dinner; "Roderic" as an evening recreation, and letters to friends, poems for his children, and vast projects of new epics and histories, to

fill up the intervals of thought. At last his brain failed; he cried out to his son, "Memory, where art thou gone?"

Of all Southey's productions not one is without its value. All teach something, fill the mind, and gratify the taste. He did every thing well. His judgments are sometimes harsh, his denunciations bitter, his theories false, his argument feeble, yet his short pieces have always in them something worth retaining, and his longer works are storehouses of learning. E. L.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.—What is literature? Is a playbill literature, even when it contains laborious antiquarianism, deep geographical inquiries as to the outline of Bithynia and disquisitions on the Pyrrhic dance, or the length of petticoat of the Virgins of the Sun? Is a sermon published "by request" of a decent congregation—which fell asleep before it could hear the end of it—literature? Is an indignant letter (paid for as an advertisement), wherein Brutus Junior threatens a village church-warden for refusing him a sitting in church, literature? Are the letters, marked respectively 1, 2, 3, and 4, up to the round dozen, in the hostile correspondence between Swifins, stock-broker, Fulham, and Snodge, drysalter, Muswell Hill, literature? Why did they quarrel about that Newfoundland dog, which came out all dripping from the Serpentine, and shook itself in the most snobbish manner over the apparel of a young lady, "whose name it is needless to introduce in this very unpleasant affair" (but which we know to be Sophia Groby—old Groby's daughter, Fleet Street); and after a week's angry interchange of epistolary amenities, with fiery allusions to pistols for two (and no coffee); end by discovering that the sagacious Ponto meant no personal disrespect either to Swifins or the interesting young lady whose name, &c., and that even if he had, he was not the property, and therefore not under the control, of Snodge, of Muswell Hill. Is this literature? I suppose it is; for judging from my own experience, most writings of the present day are literature, and most of the people you meet are literary men.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE OSTRICH.—The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of a lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. It is usually heard early in the morning, and at times also at night. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from his gigantic foot (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay, to kill, many beasts of prey, such as the hyæna, the panther, the wild dog, the jackal, and others. The ostrich is exceedingly swift of foot, under ordinary circumstances outrunning a fleet horse. "What time she lifeth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider."

On special occasions, and for a short distance, its speed is truly marvellous, perhaps not much less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not unfrequently twelve to fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adamson, who says he witnessed the fact in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that even with two men mounted on his back, he will outstrip an English horse in speed! The ostrich, moreover, is long-winded, if we may use the expression; so that it is a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the ostrich, in its wild state, consists of seeds, tops, and buds of various shrubs and other plants; but it is difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all, for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions apparently destitute of vegetation of any kind.—*Andersson's Africa.*

NEW PROCESS OF VINIFICATION.—It has been discovered by analysis that the grape-substances giving out *color, taste, bouquet, and flavor* to wine—namely, tartar, tannin, essential oil, and coloring matter—constitute only *one per cent* of its composition, the remaining 99 per cent consisting merely of sugar and water. It is this *one per cent* alone which makes wine, distinguishes it from all other liquids, and bestows its different valuable qualities. It appears that the above-mentioned component parts, especially that which is most precious, the *essential oil*, are only one-fourth absorbed by the usual process of fermentation. There is therefore left undeveloped at the bottom of the fermenting tuns or vats 75 per cent of flavor, &c., which, if saturated in a solution of refined sugar and water, will give out one-third of its unexhausted properties, which is sufficient to produce wine of a better quality than that derived from the natural must. This operation may be three times repeated with the same result; and even if tried a fourth time, will yield sufficient flavor to make a small description of vinous liquid. This discovery is due to the French chemists, who, on account of defective vintages, have deemed it worthy to investigate the subject.—*Ridley & Co.'s Monthly Circular.*

From The Examiner.

The Works of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Collected and edited by James Spedding, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Robert Leslie Ellis, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Douglas Denon Heath, Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. I. Longman and Co.

The Essays or Counsels, Civil and Moral, with the Wisdom of the Ancients. By Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban. Revised from the early copies, the references supplied, and a few Notes by S. W. Singer, F.S.A. Bell and Daldy.

Francisci de Verulamio Novum Organum sive Indicia vera de Interpretatione Naturæ. Edited, with Notes, by J. S. Brewer, M.A., Professor of the English Language and Literature in King's College, London. King's College.

TEN years have elapsed since three able men, all of Bacon's own college in Cambridge, finally agreed to unite their energies for the editing of the whole works of the author of the *Novum Organum*. They divided all the writings with which they proposed to deal into three classes, the Philosophical and Literary, the Professional, and the Occasional, each of the three friends making himself answerable for the editing of one class only. Of the Philosophical and Literary works it was Mr. Robert Leslie Ellis who took charge; the editing of the Professional works was assigned to Mr. Douglas Denon Heath, a learned barrister-at-law; while Mr. James Spedding undertook to collect and connect in their true order, with the necessary explanation of their bearing on each other, and upon our judgment of their author's character, the letters, speeches, charges, tracts, state papers, and other writings of business that had been addressed by Bacon to particular persons on particular occasions. The three sections of the works of Bacon were in the new edition to succeed each other in the order we have named, and having planned their enterprise, the three editors began to work together, each in his own province. Mr. Ellis had in a couple of years made so much progress with his part of the work that he was expecting in another six months to be ready for the press, when he was seized with rheumatic fever, and left by it in a condition of body incompatible with the

continuance of the labor that he had almost completed. Moreover, although he had written prefaces and many notes, he had left blanks to be supplied, doubtful statements to be corrected, and of what he had written nothing had been finally revised for the press. It became necessary, therefore, that the labors of Mr. Ellis should be brought to full completion by another hand, and it was arranged that Mr. Spedding should take charge of his friend's papers, use them exactly as he found them, altering nothing in them except with his friend's knowledge and consent, at the same time adding whatever he found there was to add, modifying by notes or interpolations of his own whatever it seemed well to modify, but always distinctly indicating which of the editors made himself answerable for each opinion.

The first volume of the Philosophical and Literary works of Lord Bacon—a substantial tome, eight or nine hundred pages thick, edited in this way by Messrs. Ellis and Spedding—has appeared during the present month. The issue of Bacon's Philosophical works will be continued through two volumes more, which will appear at monthly intervals, and the two next volumes will contain, as a supplement to the original text, new translations carefully made and narrowly revised of all such as were written only in Latin. The Literary and Legal works will follow in the sixth and seventh volumes of the series, and it is probable, but not quite certain, that these will follow punctually at the monthly intervals. There may then ensue a pause in the course of publication, and the volumes, wherein will be brought together in chronological sequence all that is extant of Bacon's occasional writing upon Personal affairs, will succeed each other only at uncertain intervals. These volumes will be deeply interesting. They will tell the life of Bacon in authentic detail, and Mr. Spedding appears to anticipate that the effect of their publication will be to remove some stains from Bacon's character, and to give an insight into his true life as clear as that which we have had into the life of Cromwell since we have been able to read all that is left of his letters and speeches in their proper sequence.

Because the concluding volumes of this new edition of Lord Bacon's works will in this way contain the fullest exposition of his

life, together with the entire body of material on which opinion has to be founded, there is no biography prefixed to the first volume, except that by Bacon's friend and chaplain, Dr. Rawley. The notes to Rawley's life contain, however, several indications of the result of Mr. Spedding's collation of papers. Thus, of the early connection between Bacon and Essex, we are told :

"The connection between Bacon and Essex appears to have commenced about the year 1590 or 1591, and furnishes matter for a long story—too long to be discussed in a note. His conduct was much misunderstood at the time by persons who had no means of knowing the truth, and has been much misrepresented since by writers who cannot plead that excuse. The case is not, however, one on which a unanimous verdict can be expected. Always, where choice has to be made between fidelity to the State and fidelity to a party or person, popular sympathy will run in favor of the man who chooses the narrower duty ; for the narrower duty is not only easier to comprehend, but, being seen closer, *appears* the larger of the two. But though sentiment will continue to be divided, facts may be agreed upon ; and for the correction of all errors in matter of fact, I must refer to the Occasional Works, where the whole story will necessarily come out in full detail. In the mean time I may say for myself that I have no fault to find with Bacon for any part of his conduct towards Essex, and I think many people will agree with me when they see the case fairly stated."

Upon Lord Bacon's corruption as a Judge, the note scarcely reads like an impartial one. We quote it as a further indication of the spirit in which Bacon is approached by his new editors :

"On the 3rd of May, 1621, Bacon was condemned, upon a charge of corruption to which he pleaded guilty, to pay a fine of £40,000 ; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure ; to be forever incapable of sitting in parliament or holding office in the state ; and to be banished for life from the verge of the court. From that time his only business was to find means of subsistence and of satisfying his creditors, and to pursue his studies.

"His offence was the taking of presents from persons who had suits in his court, in some cases while the suit was still pending ; an act which undoubtedly amounted to corruption as corruption was defined by the law. The degree of moral criminality involved in it is not so easily ascertained. To judge of this

we should know, First, what was the understanding, open or secret, upon which the presents were given and taken,—for a gift, though it be given to a judge, is not necessarily in the nature of a bargain to pervert justice ; Secondly, to what extent the practice was prevalent at the time,—for it is a rare virtue in a man to resist temptations to which all his neighbors yield : Thirdly, how far it was *tolerated*,—for a practice may be universally condemned and yet universally tolerated ; people may be known to be guilty of it and yet received in society all the same : Fourthly, how it stood with regard to other abuses prevailing at the same time,—for it is hard to reform all at once, and it is one thing for a man to leave a single abuse unreformed while he is laboring to remove or resist greater ones, and another thing to introduce it anew, or to leave all as it was, making no effort to remove any. Now all this is from the nature of the case very difficult to ascertain. But the whole question, as it regards Bacon's character, must be considered in connection with the rest of his political life, and will be fully discussed in its place in the Occasional Works ; where all the evidence I can find shall be faithfully exhibited. In this place it may be enough to say that he himself always admitted the taking of presents as he had taken them to be indefensible, the sentence to be just, and the example salutary ; and yet always denied that he had been an unjust judge, or 'had ever had bribe or reward in his eye or thought when he pronounced any sentence or order ;' and that I cannot find any reason for doubting that this was true. It is stated, indeed, in a manuscript of Sir Matthew Hale's, published by Hargrave, that [the censure of Bacon 'for many decrees made upon most gross bribery and corruption gave such a discredit and brand to the decrees thus obtained that they were easily set aside ;' and it is true that some bills were brought into the House of Commons for the purpose of setting aside such decrees ; but I cannot find that any one of them reached a third reading ; and it is clear from Sir Matthew's own argument that he could not produce an instance of one reversed by the House of Lords ; and if any had been reversed by a royal commission appointed for the purpose (which according to his statement was the only remaining way), it must surely have been heard of ; yet where is the record of any such commission ? Now if of all the decrees so discredited none were reversed, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that they had all been made *bond fide* with regard only to the merits of the cases, and were in fact unimpeachably just ; and we

may believe that Bacon pronounced a true judgment on his own case when he said to his friends (as I find it recorded in a commonplace of Dr. Rawley's in the Lambeth Library), 'I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years; but it was the justest censure in parliament that was these two hundred years.'"

In the arrangement of the Philosophical works the plan followed by Mr. Ellis has been not to attempt, as has before been attempted, a disposition of the fragments of the *Instauratio Magna* in the order assigned to them by the plan of the whole work. The *Distributio Operis* is printed first; Bacon's scheme is laid down, and then his attempts to fill it up appear in the order in which they were made. The harmony of parts designed in the first plan was much lost sight of during the work over detail, and it is best to follow Bacon's thoughts in their true order of succession in his mind.

The Philosophical works are introduced by a preface from the hand of Mr. Ellis, in which it is laid down carefully that the two great ends of the Baconian method were the attainment in investigation of an absolute certainty, and the attainment of this by a mechanical mode of procedure that all men should be able to employ. His aim was to give to men a new method of attaining knowledge universally applicable and in all cases infallible; that should be to searchers for new truth as the mariner's compass, until the discovery of which no wide sea could be crossed.

Of the nature of science his conception was that to know causes gave the power to produce effects. To find causes which lay hidden in the abstract qualities or forms of things was, he said, the true work of science, and by the forms of things he meant, or very nearly meant, the laws governing matter. But, he said, the "forma rei" is "ipsissima res." The forms of things in the philosophy of Bacon were not indeed identical with the Ideas of Plato, but they were, perhaps, a second step to the same end in the history of thought. Here we are not quite expressing Mr. Ellis's view, but are perhaps not far from it. We express more nearly the view taken by Mr. Brewer in the introduction to a neat and well-edited little college edition of the first book and a part of the second book of the *Novum Organum*. Mr. Brewer

absolutely points to traces of the growth of Bacon's reasoning on Forms from Plato's reasoning upon superior Ideas, for he cites expressions from the *Novum Organum* in which forms are called God's "marks and seals," and also "ideas of the Divine Mind,"—the doctrine of seals being the well-known representation of the Platonic ideas in the philosophy of the age next preceding that of Bacon. Mr. Brewer regards Plato as the philosopher to whom Bacon approached the nearest, not omitting to draw due distinction between the study by one of the science of intellect and by the other of the science of nature, in which he believed all knowledge to be comprised. Mr. Ellis dwells upon Bacon's faith in natural science as the basis of all sound philosophy, and rather points to Bacon's liking for the early physicists, and his expression concerning metaphysical philosophers, that "what Dionysius said to Plato, that his discourse was but dotage, might fitly be applied to them all."

We have touched only upon a word, and must refrain from following Mr. Ellis through his able exposition of the form that is in the whole substance of the Baconian philosophy. It is followed by an exposition of the doctrines of the *Novum Organum*, with which, after the *Distributio Operis*, the work begins. Next follows (also prefaced and annotated) the *Parascæve*; and then, also, of course, introduced and annotated, the Latin text of the *Advancement of Learning*.

Mr. Brewer's little volume of the *Novum Organum*, to which we have referred, is well introduced by its editor, and prefaced by a valuable English summary. The book includes Dr. Rawley's Life of Bacon, and some other pertinent matter. Mr. Singer's volume, cited at the head of this notice, is an elegant pocket edition of the *Essays* and the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, printed in antique type. The history of these, the most popular of Bacon's writings, is told simply in a preface that is not too long, and to the text there are supplied a few desirable notes, which give chapter and verse for quotations, various readings, and a few useful explanations of words or allusions that are out of date.

From The Athenæum.

Memoirs of the Duke of Ragusa from 1792 to 1832—[*Mémoires du Maréchal Duc de Raguse, &c.*]. Vol. III. Paris, Perrotin.

THE third volume of the Memoirs includes the period between the summer of 1806 and the spring of 1811. It opens amidst the dense complexity of Dalmatian politics, and closes in Portugal, where Marmont held a conspicuous command. We shall soon encounter him, therefore, face to face with the British Generals. During the four years preceding the battle of Fuente Oñoro, he had made rapid advances in social position as well as in military rank. He had received a dukedom and a marshal's *bâton*. But he had also been treated with considerable harshness by the Emperor Napoleon, whose dispatches, autograph as well as merely official, breathed in many instances the irrepressible irritation of a man who sees his plans fail and desires to attribute the blame to his agents. Nothing is more remarkable in these Memoirs than the unamiable characteristics ascribed to the conqueror by his general, and the almost invariable coolness with which his memory is alluded to. All was not love in the loyalty of Napoleon's camp. The men who waited upon his caprice, who prospered in his favor, who shrank with Asiatic servility under his frown, were frequently engaged in predicting his downfall, satirizing his ambition, cavilling at his distribution of honors and rewards. That the enthusiasm of the parade, among the high officers at least, was often affected there can be no doubt. Marmont himself, who was sometimes spirited enough to check the impetuosity of the Emperor when it was directed against others, cowered like a slave when he was smitten himself, and, if accused, felt it necessary to admit his guilt before he began to rebut the charges! "I am certainly guilty if your Majesty condemns me, though I venture humbly," &c.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to observe that Marmont derived his title of Duke from the Dalmatian, not from the Sicilian, Ragusa. In August, 1802, in accordance with Napoleon's design of pushing his direct influence from the Adriatic borders to the eastern limits of Europe, he occupied the sea-line of Venetian Albania, and early in 1808 overturned the little Ragusan Republic.

The Marshal devotes an elaborate chapter to an account of his military administration of these territories, and concludes with studious modesty:

"At this time I was raised to the dignity of a Dukedom. The title bestowed on me, recalling the services I had rendered, added considerably to the value of this reward."

The population of the little state of Ragusa, at the period of its overthrow, did not exceed thirty-five thousand persons, inhabiting a small peninsula, close to the line of the Dalmatian shores. Its ancient towers and double ramparts might be taken as emblems of its nobility—intensely proud and utterly imbecile. Many of them traced their lineage to sources distinguishable in the eighth century, among the contemporaries of Charlemagne. At the head of this haughty band of barons, Marmont was placed by a paragraph in Napoleon's *Gazette*. Upon arriving at Ragusa, he found that the pride of the aristocracy did not prevent them from sharing the profits of agriculture and commerce. Nearly every one of them had an interest in the Ragusan merchant fleet, numbering not less than two hundred and seventy-five vessels, scattered in all parts of the world, from the Antilles to Malabar. To Ragusa, then, came its new Duke, with a *coup-d'état* in his hand. First, he prohibited its seamen from hoisting the royal flag of Italy: this proceeding was resented by the local government, which ordered the proclamation to be taken down:

"There was now an open conflict between ourselves and the government, and it was necessary to overturn it. A decree sufficed for that. I forbade the senators from assembling, and established an entirely new basis of authority. I chose a man of competent abilities to direct the internal administration of the country; constituted a tribunal, nominated justices of the peace, organized the most economical system of administration that was possible, and busied myself with many other matters,—those especially which related to the public schools. Moreover, I took possession of the archives and of the palace."

Connected with his Dalmatian administration, Marmont relates an anecdote by which popular preachers may benefit:

"The Prior of the Convent of Signe was preaching in his church, in which nearly the whole population of the place had assembled.

Suddenly, the shock of an earthquake was felt. Every one rose hastily and prepared to fly; but the preacher, without displaying the slightest emotion, shouted in a voice of thunder, 'Impious that you are, to tremble in the House of God!' The congregation was quieted, and the sermon was finished. . . A little time afterwards, I nominated him a Provincial of his Order."

To recur to the Ragusan *coup-d'état*. The senate, naturally indignant at the violent destruction of its privileges, was inclined to fret under Marmont's military rod. It dispatched a missive accompanied by a present to Bosniak Pasha. This being reported to Napoleon, he wrote:

"Let them understand that the first person who opens a correspondence with foreigners shall be treated as a traitor, and shot."

Again:

"Send ten of the principal members under surveillance to Venice and Milan, that these miserable men may be preserved from excesses which would conduct them to the scaffold."

The correspondence of 1808, however, abounds in rebukes addressed to Marmont by the Emperor. First, he blamed him bitterly for appropriating to general uses funds intended for the payment of the army. "You have no right to appropriate a single *sou* which the minister has not placed at your disposal!" Reproaches of a similar kind are to be found in a series of the letters from Napoleon or his military secretary.

The event of 1809 was the great battle of Wagram. Some close criticism is applied to the strategy of this affair, and of the manoeuvres which preceded it.—

"The battle of Wagram was the greatest of modern times, if we consider the number of men engaged in it and assembled at the same moment upon the field. There were three hundred thousand men in the two armies, and from the extremity of one wing to the extremity of the other was a distance of about two leagues and a half. The beauty and the majesty of such a spectacle may easily be conceived. We had seven hundred pieces of artillery, and the enemy five hundred. Thus, twelve hundred guns were thundering simultaneously over that narrow field. We fired, during the day, eighty-four thousand rounds of artillery, and had twenty-seven thousand men put *hors de combat*. . . Yet the victory was without result. The times were past when multitudes of prisoners fell into our hands, as in Italy,

at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena. It was a battle gained, but it left many others to be fought."

On the following day the Emperor rode over the ground.—

"I never could understand the sort of curiosity he had to see the dead and the dying strewn over the field. He stopped before an officer who had been grievously wounded in the knee, and was seized with a strange desire for having the amputation of the limb performed at once, before his eyes, by his surgeon, Yvan. He could hardly be persuaded that it was not the proper place for such an operation."

After the two battles of Znaim, Marmont, having had a painful conversation with the Emperor, lay down on some straw in a miserable hut, and gave way to a fit of weariness and disgust. In the midst of his morbid reflections an aide-de-camp entered.—

"My general," he said, 'will you allow me to embrace you?'—'As much as you please, my dear Girardin,' I answered; 'only there is some merit in kissing such a long beard, and embracing such a dirty man.' Immediately afterwards, he added, 'Here is your nomination as Marshal.'

It was not long before Napoleon conversed with him again, in a more complimentary fashion.—

"He talked to me of my domestic affairs. He did not like my wife; he knew what her behaviour to me had been; he suggested a divorce, explained to me the propriety of it, and tried to prove to me that it was essential if I contemplated a brilliant career. I understood this as well as he did; but a sentiment of justice and goodness, natural to my heart, caused me to resist his advice. I had loved my wife; she had devoted her youth to me; I knew how dear to her were the delights of pride and vanity."

Better, perhaps, have divorced her than placed her in the historical pillory. However, Marmont promises to speak only once more of his wife, and that in detail, because the event to be described was much canvassed, and it was necessary to show "what a mass of griefs a bad wife can accumulate in the heart of an honest man."

Being now a Marshal, Marmont was addressed as "my cousin" by the Emperor, and, towards the close of 1809, exhibited his decorations in the sun of Paris. He was still "the devoted admirer" of Napoleon; but this sentiment, he says, was not shared

by the people. They were surfeited with glory, weary of bloodshed, impatient for repose. Even the ministers appeared gloomy and restless. Decrès, Minister of Marine, said confidentially to Marmont, "Ah, well, Marmont, you may well be satisfied, because you are made a Marshal. But will you allow me to tell you the truth, and to say what I think of the future? The Emperor is mad, utterly mad, and we shall be thrown, exactly as we are, head over heels,

and there will be a terrible end to all this." I answered, "Are you mad yourself, that you speak in this way?"

However, Decrès was right. Napoleon had entered upon the course that led to Waterloo. The events that marked the long period of his decline will begin to be developed in the fourth volume of the Memoirs. The present, as we have said, closes at the gate of Portugal.

PRACTICAL JOKING.—When and how did personal outrages first obtain the mild name of practical jokes? What is mis-called practical joking is pleasure in giving pain, pleasure in humiliating, pleasure in mortifying, pleasure in injuring. In a word, it is cruelty making merry. Spinning a cockchafer is a practical joke of the highest order. But the jocular name did not exist in the time of Hogarth, who therefore placed his first example of sporting with suffering under the head of "Progress of Cruelty." Considering the common association of cowardice and cruelty, it is somewhat remarkable that the disposition to the latter vice which belongs to practical joking is so much cultivated in our army. A man is picked out to be baited for the pleasure of his brother officers. Be sure that he is not rashly chosen. There is no danger of the selection of one who will resist and resent the first indignity,—who will know how to distinguish between good-humored banter and playfulness and intentional affront, and who will consequently make his stand against the first violation of the respect due to the gentleman. A man of this stamp is never chosen as a butt, or for the sport of persecution. Excellent care is taken to pick out one who will not find out too soon what is and what is not to be borne, and who will put up with much indignity before the capacity of endurance is exhausted.—*Examiner.*

SHADOWS AS THEY MIGHT BE.*—This little book of colored lithographs is based on an amusing idea, and one which we do not remember to have seen before embodied in any systematic shape, although suggestions of it in a casual way are frequent enough. Each print gives a human figure (*semi-human* rather sometimes in caricatured burlesque) which throws its shadow in a form resembling some other figure or object. Thus, a superannuated beadle and bellman in lofty cocked-hat, throws the shadow of a donkey's head; a drunkard tumbled against a street-post, with hat broken and indented, that of "a queer fish"; a widower consoling the inner man with a glass of brandy, that of a crocodile. X 99, sidling up to Mary down the area, becomes a cat; a fat old dame seated with hand extended towards her bohea, a teapot; and so on, the shadow having in each case some gro-

tesque likeness in unlikeness to the person shadowed. The notion is carried out with ingenuity, and about as much artistic skill as the subject demands—enough certainly to show cleverness and promise in Mr. Bennett; and the little book will beyond doubt raise a laugh in such Christmas or New Year's households of children as get it into their hands.—*Spectator.*

PROGRESS OF CALIFORNIA.—In riding through one of her large agricultural valleys, a few weeks since, where so late as 1852 there was scarcely a mile of fence to be seen from one end of it to the other, I saw now continuous grain-fields, of six or eight miles in length, with perhaps a dozen reapers, of the best patent, marching up and down, levelling the tall thick harvest. Comfortable, substantial farmhouses, or neat cottages, stand upon the sites of the little canvas shanties we used to see, and neat often elegant vehicles, have taken the place of the clumsy coarse wagon of those times. You may travel in summer on all the main roads, from the north to the south, in the best Concord or Troy coaches, and be received, in the more considerable towns, at as good hotels as you will find at corresponding places anywhere in the Union. And even this great material progress is less expressive of the growth of the State than other signs at present visible in her condition.—*Farnham's California.*

ALCOHOL IN WINES.—The Customs Surveyor-generals have been busy collecting information to ascertain what quantity of proof-spirit per cent. is usually contained in port wine, and from an extensive range of trials, they have discovered the minimum to be 26 per cent. The majority of trials showed from 30 to 36—some few parcels contained 40 per cent—and (although the latter is bad enough in all conscience) in a few exceptional cases, as much as 55 per cent has been detected. Those containing more than 33 per cent are still held under stop, until the pleasure of the Lords of the Treasury can be ascertained. On the 28th of June, 1853, a Treasury Minute was issued, under date 28th October, 1853, prohibiting all alcoholic liquids from passing into consumption, as wine, which contained more than 33 per cent of proof-spirit.—*Ridley & Co.'s Monthly Circular.*

* *Shadows.* By C. H. Bennett. Published by Bogue.

SAMUEL WESLEY.

We have also a letter from Samuel Wesley, the father of the more famous John Wesley. The general facts referred to are known, but the details are not without interest. Samuel Wesley was bred amongst the dissenters and educated by them, but separated early, and entered himself as a poor scholar at Exeter College; and poor enough he was, having only £216s. and no hope of a further supply but from his own industry. He soon attracted notice by his learning and ability; wrote and preached in favor of the Revolution; was so zealous, indeed, that when he discovered that his excellent wife could not be prevailed on to acknowledge the Prince of Orange as king, or say Amen to the prayer for him, he vowed never to cohabit with her till she did; took horse immediately and departed, and did not return till the death of William released him from his criminal vow. Yet after all Wesley ended in being a high-churchman. It is probable that the following letter was originally a sort of circular:

"On my printing a poem on the 'Battle of Blenheim,' I was sent for to London by a person of quality in January last, the duke of Marlborough having promised me a chaplain's place in one of the new regiments, and another honorable person greater favors. I had writt two books against the dissenters, at which they were very angry. The person who sent for me up, told me, I must drop that controversy, and at last, that I must publicly, and in print, recant or palliate what I had writ against the dissenters. He added, that those people expected so many friends in the next house of commons more than they had in the last, that when they came to sit, they had resolv'd to call those to account who had affronted them. This had a contrary effect to what was expected. I left my fortunes in God's hands, and resolved to act according to my conscience, and as soon as I came into the country, to use what little interest I had in our election to serve those who were not likely to be partial to the dissenters. But before I would act, I was so nice as to write to coll. Whichcote, because there had been some intimacy betwixt us, giving him the reasons why I thought myself obliged to vote against him. This letter he expos'd, and his friends reported there was treason in it, after which I gave copies of it. They likewise threaten'd to write up against me, and throw me out of my chaplain's place, which the Duke had given me, and throw me into gaol, all which (I thank 'em) they have fully effected. I

wrote to London to know why I was turn'd out, without knowing my accusation? My coll. Lepell answer'd, That a person of the first quality told him, 'twas for something I had published which was not approv'd of at court, and for having concern'd myself too much in some other matters. The first must be my books against the dissenters; the latter my acting in the election for my own county, which I thought I had as much right to do as any freeholder:—God be praised, these crimes were link'd together! After this, the friends of the new candidates, the dissenters and their adherents, charged me with preaching treason, and reported I was distracted; (where then was there mercy?) but, at last, were content to throw me into prison, according to their promise, for no great debt, to a relation and zealous friend of one of the new members. They knew 'twas sufficient to do my business, I having been thrown behind by a series of misfortunes. My parsonage barn was blown down ere I had recovered the taking my living; my house, great part of it, burnt down about two years since; my flax, great part of my income, now in my own hands, I doubt wilfully fired and burnt in the night, whilst I was last in London; my income sunk about one half, by the low price of grain; and my credit lost, by the taking away my regiment. I was brought to Lincoln Castle June the 23rd last past. About three weeks since, my very unkind people, thinking they had not yet done enough, have in the night stabbd my three cows, which were a great part of my poor numerous family's subsistence. For which God forgive them.—Wesley."

Hearne reports the success of this appeal as a great mortification to the fanatics. Magdalen College, he says, gave £30, Jesus £16, and most of the rest proportionably. Lord Nottingham sent £30, the justices this session £20. He once again refers to the subject and the situation of Wesley.—

"Dec. 23.—I saw to day, at Dr. Charlett's, Mr. Wesley's letter to the master, dated from Linc. castle, Jul. 31, 1705. Wherein is the sum of all his debts, viz. £357 16s. 10d. which, he says, he did not contract through extravagance, it being impossible to be free from them when he has such a family, and has had so many crosses. He acknowledges with a great sense of gratitude the master's kindness to him, and declares he has received divers unexpected kindnesses from others, which he hopes he shall always have sense to mention with the greatest deference and humility."—*Remains of Thomas Hearne.*

From the Athenæum.

Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works: Gleanings from his Diary, Unpublished Manuscripts, and from other Sources. By William Cotton, M.A. Edited by John Burnet. Longman & Co.

WHENEVER we think of Reynolds—the “Sir Joshua” that young artists talk about with such intimacy—we immediately see before us an old, benign gentleman, of a rich, creamy-textured complexion, with shrewd, blinking eyes, silvered by spectacle-glasses, and with an ear-trumpet in his hand, which he uses to put down fussy and garrulous connoisseurs who bore him about “Correggios and stuff.”

We are sorry to say this book does not help us to a much closer knowledge. It takes us not behind the easel, and seats us not upon the model’s throne of the great colorist of Devonshire. Knowing probably little about painting, this painter’s biographer draws all his critical opinions from the pages of Wilkie, Haydon, and Burnet. Almost all that the editor himself can sum up as the result of his inquiries and new sources of information is, the possibility that Reynolds, after his quarrel with Hudson, returned to London and shook hands with the fashionable dauber,—that Reynolds worked often from nine till four,—and that on one occasion he spent a week at Saltram, hunting and shooting.

The book is, in fact, no biography, but a bundle of notes—fragments from diaries,—a rag-bag of different opinions on Reynolds. The rags may have been bits of Duchesses’ gowns, but still they are rags; and the author has scarcely even sorted them into patchwork. The catalogue of Sir Joshua’s portraits may be useful to picture-dealers; but even this is so incomplete that the author declares his intention of publishing another, in a separate volume, in the spring. A page of our own paper would have held all the fresh matter collected by this new biographer. What is old is stale; what is new is dull.

In the first chapter, we are informed that Plympton, Sir Joshua’s birth-place, is situate in a fertile valley near the high road to Exeter, and five miles from Plymouth, that so and so were members for it in such and such a reign, and so and so are buried there. There is a ruin of a castle, where

nothing happened, and which Leland calls a “fair large castle,”—and so on *ad nauseam*.

In page 2, Mr. Cotton states his reasons for writing:

“The following memoranda, under the head of ‘Plympton Gleanings,’ arose from a residence in the neighborhood, combined with the great admiration I have always felt for the genius and character of Reynolds. At first they were merely collected as illustrations of my own copy of his life by Northcote; as however they not only increased in size, but also in importance, in consequence of being permitted to make extracts and copies from Sir Joshua’s manuscript papers, letters of his father and other documents, I perceived that they assumed an interest not unworthy of being made public, especially as many of them had never previously appeared in print. The able and satisfactory memoirs by his contemporaries Malone and Northcote, together with the more recent publications of Beechey, Cunningham, and Eastlake, would apparently have left little more to be gleaned; but in the lives and progress of eminent men every straw is worth picking up, as frequently they are of the greatest value.”

These are just the reasons which we should have imagined would produce such a book.

In page 17, we have a fac-simile of a window drawn by Sir Joshua in a copy-book when quite a boy. On the back is written, in his good old father’s neat precise hand, “*This is drawn by Joshua, in school, out of pure idleness.*” Another is the interior of a library, finished as Callot or Della-Bella finished. It is interesting to know that the window is drawn on the back of a Latin exercise, “*De labore.*” Reynolds all his life believed that genius was an acquired, and not an innate quality. He would rather have had it believed that he became a great painter by industry than by birthright.

Of Reynolds’ first portrait, we have an anecdote:

“Reynolds’ first portrait was painted when he could not have been more than twelve years old. . . . We allude to a portrait of the Rev. Thomas Smart, who was Vicar of Maker, near Mount Edgecumbe, and died in March, 1736. This picture was painted, it is said, in 1735, and the tradition in Mr. Smart’s family is, that it was colored in a boat-house at Cremyll beach, under Mount Edgecumbe, on canvas which was part of a boat sail, and with the common paint used

in shipwrights' painting-sheds. The appearance of the canvas and paint seems to corroborate this, both being of the coarsest description. Mr. Smart was tutor in the family of Richard Edgumbe, Esq., who afterwards became the first Lord Edgumbe—the 'Dick Edgumbe' mentioned in Walpole's Correspondence, and young Reynolds seems to have been passing the holidays at Mount Edgumbe with one of his sons. The portrait is said to have been painted from a drawing '*taken in church on the artist's thumb-nail.*' The picture for many years was at Mount Edgumbe, but was afterwards sent to Plympton, and hung up in one of the rooms belonging to the corporation, of which Mr. Smart was a member. It was subsequently returned to Mount Edgumbe, and given by the present Earl to Mr. Boger, of Wolsdon, the descendant and representative of Mr. Smart, by whom the circumstances connected with the portrait have been communicated to me. When this portrait of Mr. Smart was painted, Sir Joshua's father was the master of Plympton Grammar School, and Mr. Edgumbe was one of the Patrons of the Borough of Plympton; which accounts for the acquaintance between the boys. Young Richard Edgumbe had also a good deal of taste for drawing, and some of his paintings are still at Mount Edgumbe."

Reynolds' obligation to Richardson, who wrote a dull essay on "The Theory of Painting," has been shown before: and, of course, Mr. Cotton forgets to mention Hogarth's caricature of the worthy critic, though he stops to say in a learned note, "Catt's 'Emblems' is a very learned book."

Reynolds' father was for a long time uncertain whether to make him an apothecary or a painter. The decision is thus related in a letter not before published:

"PLYMPTON, March 17, 1740.

"I was last night with Mr. Cranch—as he was asking me what I designed to do with Joshua, who is now drawing near to seventeen. I told him I was divided between two things,—one was making him an apothecary, as to which I should make no account of the qualifications of his master, as not doubting, if it please God I live, but he should be sufficiently instructed another way: besides that, he has spent a great deal of time and pains with that view already, and to that purpose I do intend to make a proposal to Mr. Raport of our town, so that I shall have an opportunity of instructing him on the spot, and if Mr. Raport is not inclined, then to make the proposal to my wife's kinsman, Mr. Baker, of Bideford. The other is, that Joshua has a very great

genius for drawing, and lately on his own head, has begun even painting, so that Mr. Warmel, who is both a painter and a player, having lately seen but his first performances, said if he had his hands full of business, he would rather take Joshua for nothing than another with £50. Mr. Cranch told me, as to this latter, he could put me in a way. Mr. Hudson (who is Mr. Richardson's son-in-law) used to be down at Bideford, and would be so, he believed, within these two months; he persuaded me to propose the matter to you, and that you should propose it to Mr. Hudson, that Joshua might show him some of his performances in drawing, and if the matter was likely to take effect, should take a journey to Bideford myself. I mentioned this to Joshua, who said he would rather be an apothecary than an ordinary painter, but if he could be bound to an eminent master, he should choose the latter. That he had seen a print from Mr. Hudson's painting which he had been very much pleased with. Now here I have given you a naked account of the matter, upon which I must desire your judgment and advice. I must only add that what Joshua has principally employed himself in has been perspective, of which, perhaps, there is not much in face painting; his pictures strike off wonderfully, if they be look'd on with a due regard to the point of sight, and the point of distance. You see how free I make with you.—I am your most affectionate Friend and Servant,

"S. REYNOLDS."

Hudson received a premium of £120 with the young Devonshire lad.

In 1755, when Reynolds' diary begins, it appears he had in the one year no less than 120 sitters. The following anecdote of Sir Joshua's kindness of heart is worth quoting:

"It happened that young Mudge was particularly anxious to visit his father on the sixteenth anniversary of his birthday, but being confined to his room in London by illness, this was rendered impossible. Having expressed his extreme disappointment to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the latter replied: 'Never mind, I will send you to your father;' and he accordingly so painted his portrait that when the case was opened his father should be agreeably surprised by seeing his son peeping at him from behind a curtain."

That King George thought Reynolds' pictures too rough,—that some proud duchess rang the bell and desired a servant to sweep up the snuff Sir Joshua had spilt, we have heard before. Puck, it appears, Reynolds painted from a child he found asleep on his

door-step, and Hercules from his picture-frame maker's son in Holborn. The following is a characteristic instance of the ruling passion:

"Sir Joshua, who was always thinking of his art, was one day walking with Dr. Lawrence, near Beaconsfield, when they met a beautiful little peasant boy. Reynolds, after looking earnestly at the child, exclaimed, 'I must go home and deepen the coloring of my Infant Hercules.'"

This, too, is worth preserving as the evidence of Mr. Nicholls:

"Alderman Boydell and my grandfather were with Sir Joshua when painting the death of 'Cardinal Beaufort,' for the Shakspeare Gallery. Boydell was much taken with the portrait of a naked child, and wished it could be brought into the Shakspeare. Sir Joshua said it was painted from a little child he found sitting on his steps in Leicester Fields. My grandfather then said, 'Well, Mr. Alderman, it can very easily come into the Shakspeare, if Sir Joshua will kindly place him upon a mushroom, give him fawn's ears, and make a Puck of him.' Sir Joshua liked the notion, and painted the picture accordingly."

There is pathos in the relation of the moment when, at the finish of Lady Beauchamp's portrait, Sir Joshua laid down his pencil, and, finding his eyesight going, never lifted brush more.

The following selections from unpublished notes by Reynolds are worth quotation:

"In writing, in criticism, and in life, in all these, first impressions are to be preserved."

"The great business of life is to watch over yourself. Second thoughts have novelty, to guard against that."

"Second thoughts in life is a cunning imposing on one's self, by an endeavor to make our reason conform to our will."

"Late springs produce the greatest plenty."

"Ideas not represented by sensible objects, are fleeting, variable, and evanescent. We are not able to judge of the degree of conviction which operated at any particular time upon our thoughts, but as it is recorded by some certain and definite effect."

"The advice that was given by an eminent speaker in the House of Commons to a young member is so far applicable to the present purpose, as it enforces the necessity of acquiring a general, instead of a partial power over our art, which is to serve only for our present purpose. 'If you expect,' says he, 'to become an able debater, you must leave off the habit of learning your speeches by heart before you speak them in the House, and habituate your mind to exert itself on the immediate occasion.'"

This book is a miserable tribute to a great man's memory. It has every fault that biography can have: it is diffuse, rambling, ungrouped, shapeless, lifeless—a mere heavy kind of note on other men's notes on somebody else's book. It is interesting to know that Reynold's last male portrait was that of Fox,—that the pictures of Puck and the Mob-Cap were cheered when they appeared at the auction,—that the model for Puck, now a brewer, is still alive, and saw the picture sold; but a list of these scraps does not make a biography. To add to Mr. Cotton's sins his book is badly printed, all large and small. The illustrations are coarse, fuzzy, and poor, without drawing and without life; the shade is too light, and the light is shady—very shady.

ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS ON WHITLEY SANDS.

—Colonel Wilmot, the chief officer of the gun department at Woolwich, visited this neighborhood last week for the purpose of inspecting experiments on Whitley Sands with the rifled gun, which for a considerable time has been engaging the attention of Mr. W. G. Armstrong, already so well known in connection with the successful application of hydraulic machinery. Two targets 9 feet square, and a solid block of elm timber 3 feet thick, were fired at from distances of 1,500 and 2,000 yards, and the results exhibited the extraordinary accuracy and power of this gun. After the range had been tested by a few trial shots, the timber block, which was only 5 feet in breadth, was struck at every succeeding discharge, and although the weight of the

bullets was only 5 lb., they always either went entirely through the block, or lodged within a few inches of the opposite side. The targets were fired at with shells at the distance of 1,500 yards. The shells were projected horizontally, like the bullets, and exploded by impact. Only one shell failed to take effect upon the targets, which after a few shots, were so perforated as to require repair. At the conclusion they presented a completely riddled appearance, and the ground was strewn with chips. At 2,000 yards the firing was equally remarkable, but the failure of daylight prevented it being continued. We believe that nothing approaching these results has hitherto been realized in the practice of gunnery. — *Newcastle Chronicle*.

From Household Words.

FICTION CRUSHING.

No ! Duncan of Scotland would have been safe in my best bed-room (it is the only spare room in the house), in spite of all that Mrs. Smith (the wife of my bosom) could have urged to the contrary ; and yet I feel all the confusion of mind and perplexity of purpose, which led the ambitious Thane to believe, " that nothing is but what is not ! " What may be the exact meaning of this expression I have never seen explained by any commentator ; and therefore conclude, that the impenetrable obscurity of the sentence was meant to illustrate the chaotic helplessness of Macbeth's mind.

The art of the divine Williams was admirably shown in this bewildered presentment of a feeble-minded individual, who had a dreadful tartar of a wife ; and who, all of a sudden, finds an unaccountable propensity to cut his benefactor's throat. He had no such wish previous to the interview with the hideous Sisters ; but, in a moment, all the landmarks of his previous life were thrown down by that frightful prophecy of the witches—all his loyalty to the gracious monarch—all his kindness to his trusted friend—all his reliance on the feminine tenderness of his wife—all his sweet sleeps and joyous wakings—all his self-respect and sinless ambition to excel and be promoted,—all these had disappeared ; there was nothing left by which to recognize his existence, to unite his past with his future ; he could trust no man's evidence, not even the witness of his own eyes and ears,—and therefore he said, " All isn't, all is ! all is, all isn't ! "

Now, this is what Shakspeare makes a general, an earl, a murderer, a king, a tyrant, and hen-pecked husband do ; and it is strange that circumstances perfectly different from Macbeth's have produced the same effect on me ; who am neither a general, nor an earl, nor a murderer, nor a king, nor a tyrant, nor even—except in a very modified degree—anything else by which the Scotchman was distinguished from other men. I do not wear a kilt, nor a feather in my bonnet as large as the central ornament of an alderman's hearse. In fact, I live at Clapham, and go every day by an omnibus into the City transacting my business to the best of my ability (my address is at the printers of this publication) ; and at

four return to a nice little dinner,—an hour or two of music (Lucy certainly has a charming voice), a hot cup of tea, and then children being in bed, feet on fender, lamp on small table at the left-hand, don't I enjoy my book ! my novel ! my biography ! my voyages and travels ! my history and antiquities ?—while Lady Macbeth mends the baby's frocks, knits me a new purse, adds up the household accounts, or reads—(she is a very little woman, and nobody would take her, even now, for more than nineteen)—the description of Dora in David Copperfield, for at least the hundredth time. That's how I live—or lived I ought to say,—for that's one of the " ises " which " isn't. " No ! I have shut up my book-shelves ; I have sent home a barrowful of volumes to Mudie ; I have taken to drinking in despair ; and have serious thoughts of giving Mrs. S. a black eye. They would only fine me thirty shillings, or give me a fortnight of the mill, if I trampled her nearly to death ; and would probably let me off for half-a-crown, for a mere poke in the organ of vision. But why should I do this ? Why, to show my courage in the first place, and, in the next place, to prove beyond cavil and dispute that I am a changed man ; that I am not what I was ; that I live in a confusion of tenses distracting to a grammarian, and that all isn't, nothing is !

This is how the metamorphosis came to pass. On the 'bus for many consecutive mornings I sat next a man who lived in the other half of my Semi-detached, a good-looking man enough, with very broad cheek bones, light gray shiny eyes, yellow disordered hair, and lips that clutched together with a snap when he had made an observation, like the spring of a man-trap. But they were always valuable observations, and well worth holding fast. No nonsense, no joke, no frivolity ; all solid heaps of truth and great crude forms of fact ; none of your mouldings, and ornaments, and flexibility of shape. A thing was a thing, and nothing else. Vesuvius was an elevation of the ground near Naples, which occasionally gave forth smoke, and fire, and lava ; but, as to the beauty of its lurid flame reflected in the Bay ; as to its effect in brilliant sunshine ; as to its ghost-like appearance when the moon held high court in heaven—bah ! nobody ever thought of sunshine, or moonlight, or blue deep waves curling up and along golden sand, who listen

to Mr. M'Ritchie. I doubt whether these natural phenomena would have had the courage to exhibit themselves in his presence; so no wonder nobody spoke of them. We spoke of corn and tallow, of lead and guano; and the curious thing was, that he was a perfect miracle of information. There was not a spot on the face of the earth he did not know the shape of, and the size of its market, and the whole of its history, and what was the rate of exchange established in its bourse. In short he was Haydn's Dates, and Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge, and Murray's Guide Books, and M'Culloch's Dictionary all in one. And I—only think of the difference—knew the hero of every novel for twenty years, believed in Gulliver's Travels, and could say the Arabian Nights by heart. Of course being so entirely opposite we took a fancy to each other. I asked him to tea.

My domestic peace was gone from that hour! The wife I was so fond of, my Dora, my tidily toddly, my wippity pippity, she never cared for me any more! All my little enjoyments, my dips into Shakspeare, my flights with Peter Wilkins, my courtships with the glums and glowries, she hated and despised. She cared for facts, facts only; the broader, the bolder, the stupider, the better. And there—opposite that fairy creature—sat the gaunt form of M'Ritchie, ejecting huge, deformed, repulsive, coagulated realities, with the force and pertinacity of a twenty-four pounder, and shutting his mouth after the operation with the slam of a prison-door. She respected the wretch! he was so exact, so reliable, and knew so much! Did I say he was a Scotchman? But if you had heard him cough, you would have known that those lungs had been filled with mountain winds and alcohol from their earliest years. His breath was Scotch, his walk was Scotch. He would have done for sentry at a tobaccoist's shop; his language was strong, firm, grammatical, trenchant, and to the point; but with a tone; with a pragmatistical conceit; with a pitiless precision, and regardlessness of other people's thoughts and feelings—ugh! I think I hear still the remorseless "I big yer par-r-don" with which he solemnly prefaced his demolition of all your statements and rectification of all your errors; your favorite statements, your fondly

cherished errors! What was to be done? The man was always right. Your statements were evidently unfounded, your errors ridiculously clear. You had made them for twenty years, you had believed in them from childhood. But he wouldn't let you quote from the poets anything whatever that wasn't as true and undeniable as the income-tax. If you said Henry the Fifth was a gallant fellow who talked of taking Prester John by the beard, M'Ritchie rolled the vast denial in his jaws, and propelled it with the vigor of a catapult, "I big yer par-r-don, Henry the Fift was wrang: there niver was a Prester John;" and, when the big lips jerked themselves together again with a triumphant crack, you felt that Prester John, beard and all, was buried in that impenetrable grave, never to rise again.

Why should I go through the miserable list of all the cherished beliefs he scattered into air? Did Remus never jump over a wall? did Curtius never leap into a gulf? nor Mademoiselle Rachel never blow up that bandy-legged little Horatius in the colorless kilt? The Sabines:—was there no forcible abduction to Gretna Green? Regulus:—was there no surrender on his own recognizance? And further down in history, was there no Rosamond's Bower? No generous St. Pierre and the citizens of Calais receiving their pardon from the harsh-voiced king at the intercession of the sweet Philippa? Were all to be overthrown by that gigantic image of iconoclasm sitting starched and cold on the cosiest side of my fire-place, gazed on, open-lipped, by the once all-believing, but now utterly incredulous, sceptic, sneering, proof-exacting little girl who despised Dora and began mathematics, amusing herself in her gayest moments with a page or two of the statistics of crime or corn? I hated the man. He did not look like a person of the year 1856, but like a skeleton of some dreadful and extinct pre-Adamite animal. Vastity of jaw, breadth of countenance, boniness of structure—who could he be but the resuscitated body (and possibly mind too) of one of the antediluvian monsters on that melancholy island in the Crystal Palace garden,—the iguanodon, or mastodon; or, more likely still, the megatherium, of which, I believe, the name means in English the great beast! He was undoubtedly an English, or rather Scottish megatherium, and committed such de-

vastations in the forests of history and romance, that, if long continued, not a green leaf would be left. Was there indeed no St. Pierre and the self-sacrificing six, as honorable in my eyes as the three hundred Fabii (who never existed) or Codrus of Athens (who also is a mere imposition).

"I big yer par-r-don," he began; and before the flop of his closing jaws it was clear that the pretty story of that Calais surrender was an invention of after days; for he pulled out—other people would have put a hand in their pocket for this purpose, and laid a volume on the table, but he merely opened a drawer in his inexhaustible memory, and pulled out—a work written by an eye-witness, in which from hour to hour the course of the siege is detailed, and no mention made of what, to a citizen, would have been the most interesting part of the story,—no summoning of the inhabitants,—no procession with ropes about their necks,—no obduracy of Edward,—no eloquence of the Queen. All these things, however, I give up. In fact I am ready to profess my unbelief in anything: and when the object to be sacrificed is only an old-fashioned incident in the midst of persons and manners with which we have nothing to do, the effort at incredulity is not very difficult. I am prepared to take a sponge and pass it over all history, anecdote, tradition, belief, previous to George the Third. But, when a fellow, in mere reliance on his powers of denial, begins to interfere with my modern faith, and with one flop of his teeth annihilates the most recent records as if they were moth-eaten with the rottenness of the Crusades, the thing becomes serious. Let Cleon, we cry, be a much-abused individual, and instead of the notorious demagogue we thought him, let him be a high-principled whig: let bloody Mary be beautified into the perfect ensemble of a lofty-minded, tender-hearted woman and justice-loving queen: let Henry the Eighth be the most patient of martyrs, and the most immaculate character of recent times: let Jeffreys himself be the impersonation of equity and of the righteous firmness which gives the sword of justice all its value; but spare us the dome of St. Paul's! the roof of Westminster Abbey! Alter as much as you like, but don't obliterate altogether! Make Shakspeare out an illiterate ass if you please, but don't deny that such a man really lived! Tell us the Pyramids are round, but

don't destroy them utterly! Yet that is what the inexorable M'Ritchie has done; not with regard to Shakspeare and Jeffreys, or the Pyramids; but about several things much more valuable to me than the English Justice or the Egyptian Cheops.

For instance;—One night I said, but almost in a whisper (I am so subdued I seldom speak above my breath), that politics (it is thought quite a novel expression) were as irresistible as the vortex of the Maelstrom;—and when I looked at the face of our guest (he had swallowed his ninth cup of tea, and walked into a heaped-up plate of muffins till not a single one was left) I sincerely wished I was at that moment whirling round and round in the outer circles, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the central pool, in company with a few howling bears and distracted boats performing the same dreadful revolution; for, the mouth was opened, and from it proceeded the word of fate:

"I big yer par-r-don, there's no such thing as the Maelstrom."

Come, come, I thought, this fellow will deny the existence of my mother-in-law next. I'll stand it no longer; wherefore I said: "Mr. M'Ritchie, I think you go a little too far. The Maelstrom is in every geography book, and every school-boy——"

"I big yer par-r-don. Every school-boy is a perfit idyitt who believes in any such thing."

And he condescended to proof. From the same repertory where he kept his authorities about Calais, he brought forward a certain official report, presented to the King of Denmark by a commission of scientific and naval men, who had been sent to verify the size and danger of the greatest whirlpool in the world. It was dated two or three years ago. It was very clear, very conclusive; and signed with all their names. They had searched night and day in the quarter where the awful Maelstrom was supposed to be. Over and over, backward and forward, sailed the vessel of inquiry. There was no recoil, no eddy, no roar, there was nothing but smooth water, and a gradual tide. The philosophers examined divers of the fishermen and skippers; all of them had heard of the Maelstrom, and believed in it, and prayed against it; but none of them had ever seen it. All the coast was tra-

versed, from the mouth of the Baltic to the north of Norway. There was no Maëlstrom! And the navigator may guide his bark in peace; the swimming bears may dread no suction; the inadvertent whale may spout through its nose in safety; the stately ship may fear no irresistible twist and twirl, and may lazily float with fair wind and tide across the dreaded spot. It is forever extinguished, abolished, and done out of existence by act of the Danish parliament. The jubilant lips closed with a bang, and all my simile was overthrown.

But, the next effort of this exterminator of acknowledged truths was more interesting even than his expungement of the northern Sylla and Charybdis; I commend the consideration of it to the erudite inquirers of the Notes and Queries. He was damming up forever the sources of the Nile, when I took courage to make a remark about the explorers of Africa, and named my favorite traveller Le Vaillant. In a moment the dreadful doom was passed. "I big yer par-don; Le Vaillant never wrote the book!" What! were the plains of Caffraria to be robbed of the picturesque accompaniments of wagons and bullocks, and the groups of attached natives; and the pleasantries of Kees the monkey; and the beautiful tenderness of the desert flower—the fair Narina—the connecting link between the graceful savagery of a naturally gentle nature, and the culture and elegance of European maidenhood? All, all my pretty ones, at one fell swoop? But so it was; and here was his story:

A gentleman, whose name he gave, and whose character for truthfulness and honor would guarantee whatever he said as having occurred to himself, was engaged in a great commercial speculation in Paris shortly after the peace of 1815. This business brought him often into contact with the members of the French government at the time, and with many of the men of science and literature. Among these, the person with whom he became most intimate was the celebrated John Anthony Chaptal, the great natural historian, chemist, and statesmen. Like our own Sir Humphry Davy, this man was only not the first poet of his country, because he chose to be her first utilitarian philosopher. He lived, in fact, in two worlds: one consisting of the most plain matters of fact, and the other ideal and imaginative,—an Atalantis

or Utopia, which he peopled with kings and personages of his own creation. One day, when the friends were communicative and confidential, the vanity of literature overthrew the barriers by which the statesman, peer of France, and former minister for trade and manufacture, had entrenched his dignity, and he said: "With this hand I wrote Le Vaillant's travels; I invented all his adventures. In some portions of the story I was assisted by a friend; but, in fact and substance, I am Le Vaillant, the slaughterer of the giraffe, and lover of Narina." The story of the modern Frankenstein was antedated in the person of M. Chaptal. The monster he created overwhelmed him. Le Vaillant became a real existence, and the veritable Simon Puresank rapidly into oblivion. Many mistakes he confessed to. He acknowledged the impossibility of the existence of Narina. He was ludicrously inexact in his description of the motions of the caméléopard. All succeeding travellers had tried in vain to find evidence of his career; but, with the sole exception of one who discovered an old woman who said she remembered him living in her kraal, there was no trace of his ever having been in Africa. Lichtenstein, a German explorer, began to smell a rat in 1809, and has the following remarkable passage: "When Le Vaillant asserts that he has seen the giraffe trot, he spares me any further trouble in proving that this animal never presented itself alive before him."

Then, who does not remember the ferocious colonies of the Houswanas: their courage, their size, and the influence they exercised over all the surrounding tribes? Who were these tremendous warriors, these assegayed Romans, founding a long-enduring dominion by self-control and stoic perseverance? They were our friends of the Egyptian Hall, London, the base Bosjesmen or Bushmen—the lowest type of human nature—but recommended to Chaptal by the vague uncertainty of the name which was current among the Dutch colonists of the Cape, the wild heroes of the forest, the Men of the Bush. Who, then, was Le Vaillant? He is mentioned in the *Biographie Universelle*, "was born in 1753, and died in 1824; a quiet, retired, unsocial man, devoting his whole time to the preparation of his travels and the publication of his essays on the Natural

History of Birds." The whole of this biography is taken from the prefaces and introductions to the various editions of the travels. Nobody ever saw him. The ingenuity with which a local habitation and a name are given to this purely imaginary individual is worthy of De Foe or Gulliver. He is born, not in any town or district of France where a baptismal register might be appealed to, but at Paramaribo in Dutch Guiana; there he devotes himself to study and the exploration of wood and fell. In 1763 he comes with his parents to France, not to Paris or any traceable position, but to the wild parts of Lorraine and the Vosges. Here he shuns society, and gives himself up entirely to the chase. He comes by chance to the capital in 1777, and sees the royal cabinet of natural history; and the fire, long dormant, breaks forth. He will travel into the native land of those strange and captivating animals, and see them in their natural freedom; and at a time when England and France are at war, when no record of his voyage could be possible in the log-books of either country, he embarks in a Dutch vessel at the Texel, and reaches the Cape in safety; but the ship which brought him is sunk, burnt, or otherwise destroyed by an English fleet; and alone out of all the crew—sole visitor—with no one to prove his identity or deny his state-

ments, behold Le Vaillant, penniless, shirtless, bookless, at full liberty to invent as many adventures as he likes. There is no one to say him nay. He is the Robinson Crusoe of the desert, and finds his man Friday in Claas, his tame goat in Kees, and transcends all the imaginings of the mariner of York in the creation of the matchless Narina. Looking at the book with this light thrown upon it, it is an admirable natural history romance. He comes home, but still his impersonation is sustained. He lives—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—at La Noue, near Sezanne. Is there a tomb there to his memory? Did he leave a will? Is he in no old list of citizens? Two-and-thirty years are not so long a time as to have expunged the memory of so distinguished an author. Many must be alive who knew him, who spoke to him about his books. People of sixty were eight-and-twenty when he died. Did Thiers know him? or Guizot? or Michelet? or Lamartine? "Deed, no," concludes Mr. M'Ritchie; "and the reason's very plain, the man never existed, body or soul; and was naething but the idolon or external image o' Maister Chaptal." Whereupon the lips closed with a clash, and Le Vaillant disappeared forever from the rolls of human kind.

Sketches from Life. By Harriet Martineau. Illustrated. Whittaker & Co.

THESE "Sketches from Life" have all the appearance of being true transcripts. They are hard outlined facts, not filled up or softened by the expression of any of the sympathy which they might naturally have been expected to excite. They are characterized by precisely that sort of hard, undeniable good sense, which those who have "haill hearts," and who are living at ease, can afford to extend to their neighbors. Some of the incidents in themselves are very touching—the story of "The Old Governess," for instance—but it is narrated in an unsympathizing manner, and the troubles are dealt with, not as they would be felt by tender mortals, but as they would appear to some extremely sensible abstract being, who if you pricked him would not bleed. Again, in the story of "The Bride," a nice, good, beautiful, well-born girl has the misfortune to marry an accomplished swindler, with the full consent

and approval of all her friends, who are as much deceived in him as she is herself. He takes her to Paris, where at the end of a month he robs her of every thing she possesses in the world, leaving her barely the means of returning to England. She lives the rest of her life under the most dreary and painful circumstances, never again seeing her scoundrel of a husband, but never sure that he may not return some day. This incident, which has the impress of being a real fact within the author's own knowledge, is told with a cynical hardness that spoils its truth—for the *outside* facts of a thing are only a small portion of the truth—and with the inner life Miss Martineau does not meddle; she does not even indicate that it exists. The stories are clever and the incidents forcible; but few readers will pronounce this to be a book of "pleasant pages." The good sense is undeniable, only it is *too* good for human nature's daily food, and we would not like to live on it. —*Athenæum*.

GONE BEFORE.

NELLY darling, Nelly darling, why this pallor
on thy cheek?

Quarters from the clock have sounded since I
heard my loved one speak;

Since I heard thy gentle voice, Nell, full an
hour has pass'd away;

Why those tears upon thy eyelids? why so
silent, Nelly, say?

Ah! too well I now remember: twelve months
since, this very day,

Darkness fell upon our dwelling, one we wor-
shipp'd turn'd to clay.

Long we mark'd his color fading, long we
mark'd his eye grow dim,

Day by day the strength departing from each
little wasted limb.

Came at last the dreaded moment in the watches
of the night,

Back into the realms of Heav'n the infant spirit
wing'd its flight,

While the morning sun uprising in a flood of
golden red,

Fell on two bereav'd mourners, kneeling by a
little bed.

Brave were the broken words I utter'd, brave
as husband's words should be,

But the father's choking sorrow struggled hard
to be set free.

I talk'd to thee of resignation, strove my an-
guish to conceal;

Said it was the common lot: time at length the
wound would heal.

Nelly dearest, Nelly dearest, raise thy drooping
head again,

Sit not thus in speechless sorrow, there is a
balm to soothe thy pain;

Dwelling with the bless'd in glory, happy now
for evermore,

Think, O think, our darling cherub is "not lost,
but gone before."

—Household Words.

From The National Era.

DR. KANE IN CUBA.

A NOBLE life is in thy care,
A sacred trust to thee is given:
Bright Island! let thy healing air
Be to him as the breath of Heaven.

The marvel of his daring life—
The self-forgetting leader bold—
Stirs, like the trumpet's call to strife,
A million hearts of meaner mould.

Eyes that shall never meet his own
Look dim with tears across the sea,

Where, from the dark and icy zone,
Sweet Isle of Flowers! he comes to thee.

Fold him in rest, O pitying clime!
Give back his wasted strength again;
Soothe, with thy endless summer-time,
His winter-wearied heart and brain.

Sing soft and low, thou tropic bird,
From out the fragrant, flowery tree—
The ear that hears thee now, has heard
The ice-break of the winter sea.

Through his long watch of awful night,
He saw the Bear in Northern skies;
Now, to the Southern Cross of light,
He lifts in hope his weary eyes.

Prayers, from the hearts that watched in fear,
When the dark North no answer gave,
Rise trembling to the Father's ear,
That still His love may help and save.
Amesbury, 1st mo., 1857. E. H. W.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

BY THE LATE REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY, D. D.

AWAY! away! our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river;
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
On the forest branches quiver.

Away, away, for the stars arc forth,
And on the pure snows of the valley
In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance,—
Come, let us our comrades rally.

Away, away, o'er the sheeted ice,
Away, away, we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What though the sharp north winds are out?
The skater heeds them not;
Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout,
Gray winter is forgot.

'Tis a pleasant sight, the joyous throng
In the light of the reddening flame,
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel,
They wage their riotous game.
And though the night air cutteth keen,
And the white moon shineth coldly,
Their homes, I ween, on the hills have been,—
They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
By the side of the winter's hearth;
Or 'neath the lamps of the festal hall
Seek for their share of mirth.
But as for me, away! away!
Where the merry skaters be;
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice
glows,
There is the place for me.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE INTERPRETER.

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "DIGBY GRAND," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE OLD DESK.

Nor one of my keys will fit it; the old desk has been laid aside for years, and is covered with dust and rust. We do not make such strong boxes nowadays, for brass hinges and secret drawers have given place to flimsy morocco and russian leather; so we clap a Bramah lock, that Bramah himself cannot pick, on a black bag that the veriest bungler can rip open in five seconds with a penknife, and intrust our notes, bank and otherwise, our valuables, and our secrets, to this faithless repository, with a confidence that deserves to be respected. But in the days when George the Third was king, our substantial ancestors rejoiced in more substantial workmanship: so the old desk that I cannot succeed in unlocking, is of shining rosewood, clamped with brass, and I shall spoil it sadly with the mallet and the chisel.

What a medley it holds! Thank Heaven I am no speculative philosopher, or I might moralize for hours over its contents. First, out flies a withered leaf of geranium. It must have been dearly prized once, or it would never have been here; may be it represented the hopes, the wealth, the all-in-all of two aching hearts: and they are dust and ashes now. To think that the flower should have outlasted them! the symbol less perishable than the faith! Then I come to a piece of much begrimed and yellow paper, carefully folded, and indorsed with a date,—a receipt for an embrocation warranted specific in all cases of bruises, sprains, or lumbago; next a gold pencil-case, with a head of Socrates for a seal; lastly, much of that substance which is generated in all waste places, and which the vulgar call "flue." How it comes there puzzles equally the naturalist and the philosopher; but you shall find it in empty corners, empty drawers, empty pockets, nay, we believe in its existence in the empty heads of our fellow-creatures.

In my thirst for acquisition, regardless of dusty fingers, I press the inner sides of the desk in hopes of discovering secret springs

and hoarded repositories: so have poor men ere now found thousand-pound notes hid away in chinks and crannies, and straightway, giddy with the possession of boundless wealth, have gone to the Devil at a pace such as none but the beggar on horseback can command; so have old wills been fished out, and frauds discovered, and rightful heirs re-established, and society in general disgusted, and all concerned made discontented and uncomfortable—so shall I, perhaps—but the springs work, a false lid flies open, and I do discover a packet of letters, written on thin foreign paper, in the free straggling characters I remember so well. They are addressed to Sir H. Beverley, and the hand that penned them has been cold for years. So will yours and mine be some day, perhaps ere the flowers are out again; *O beate Serti!* will you drink a glass less claret on that account? Buxom Mrs. Lalagot, shall the dressmaker therefore put unbecoming trimmings in your bonnet? The "shining hours" are few, and soon past: make the best of them, each in your own way, only try and choose the right way:

For the day will soon be over, and the minutes
are of gold,
And the wicket shuts at sundown, and the shepherd leaves the fold.

LETTER I.

"Those were merry days, my dear Hal, when we used to hear 'the chimes at midnight' with poor Brummel and Sir Benjamin; very jolly times they were, and I often think, if health and pockets could have stood it, I should like to be going the pace amongst you all still. And yet how few of us are left. They have dropped off one by one, as they did the night we dyed the white rose red at the old place; and you, and I, and stanch old 'Ben,' were the only three left that could walk straight. Do you remember the corner of King-street, and 'Ben' stripped 'to the buff,' as he called it himself, going in right royally at the tall fellow with the red head? I never

saw such right and letters, I never thought he had so much 'fight' in him; and you don't remember, Hal, but I do, how 'the lass with the long locks' bent over you when you were floored, like Andromache over a debauched Hector, and stanchd the claret that was flowing freely from your nostrils, and gave you gin in a smelling-bottle, which you sucked down as though it were mother's milk, like a young reprobate as you were; nor do you remember, nor do I very clearly, how we all got back to 'The Cottage,' and finished with burnt curacao, and a dance on the table by daylight. And now you and I are about the only two left, and I am as near ruined as a gentleman can be; and you must have lost your pen-feathers, Hal, I should think, though you were a goose that could always pick a living off a common, be it never so bare. Well, we have had *our* fun; and after all, I for one have been far happier since than I ever was in those roystering days; but of this I cannot bear to speak.

"Nor am I so much to be pitied now. I have got my colors and my sketch-book, after all; and there never *was* such a country as this for a man who has half an eye in his head. On these magnificent plains the lights and shades are glorious. Glorious, Hal, with a little red jagged in here and there towards sunset, and the ghostly maize waving and whispering, and the feathery acacias trembling on the lightest air, the russet tinge of the one and the fawn-colored stems of the other melting so softly into the neutral tints of the sandy soil. I could paint a picture here that should be perfectly true to Nature—nay, more natural than the old dame herself—and never use but two colors to do it all! I am not going to tell you what they are: and this reminds me of my boy, and of a want in his organization that is a sad distress to me. The child has not a notion of color. I was painting out of doors yesterday, and he was standing by—bless him! he never leaves me for an instant—and I tried to explain to him some of the simplest rudiments of the godlike art. 'Vere,' said I, 'do you see those red tints on the tops of the far acacias, and the golden tinge along the back of that brown ox in the foreground?'—'Yes, papa!' was the child's answer, with a bewildered look. 'How should you paint them, my boy?'—'Well, papa, I should paint the acacias

green, because they *are* green, and '—here he thought he had made a decided hit—'I should put the red into the ox, for he is almost more red than brown.' Dear child; he has not a glimmering of color; but composition, that's his forte; and drawing, *drawing*, you know, which is the highest form of that art. His drawing is extraordinary—careless, but great breadth and freedom; and I am certain he could compose a wonderful picture, from his singular sensibility to beauty. Young as he is, I have seen the tears stand in his eyes when contemplating a fine view, or a really exquisite 'bit,' such as one sees in this climate every day. His raptures at his first glimpse of the Danube I shall never forget; and if I can only instil into him the principles of color, you will see Vere will become the first painter of the age. The boy learns languages readily enough. He has picked up a good deal of Hungarian from his nurse. *Such* a woman, Hal! magnificent! Such coloring: deep brown tones, and masses of the richest gray hair, with superb, solemn, sunken eyes, and a throat and forehead tanned and wrinkled into the very ideal of a Canidia, or a Witch of Endor, or any fine old sorceress, all of the olden time. I have done her in chalks, and in sepia, and in oils. I *adore* her in the former. She is I fancy, a good, careful woman, and much attached to Vere, who promises to be an excellent linguist; but of this I cannot see the advantage.

"There is but one pursuit, in my opinion, for an intellectual being who is not obliged to labor in the fields for his daily bread, and that is Art. I have wooed the heavenly maid all my life. To me she has been sparing of her favors; and yet a single smile from her has gilded my path for many a long and weary day. She has beckoned me on and on till I feel I could follow her to the end of the world; she shielded me *in the dark hour*; she has brightened my lot ever since; she led me to nature, her grand reflection—for you know my theory, that art is reality, and nature but the embodiment of art; she has made me independent of the frowns of that other jade, Fortune, and taught me the most difficult lesson of all—to be content. What is wealth? you and I have seen it lavished with both hands, and its possessor weary, satiate, languid, and disgusted. What is rank? a mark for envy, an

idol but for fools. Fmae? a few orders on a tight uniform; a craving for more and more, even when we know the tastelessness of the food; to be still hungry for applause. Love? a sting of joy and a heartache forever. Are they not all vanity of vanities? but your artist is your true creator. He can embody the noblest aspirations of his mind, and give them a reality and a name. You, Hal, who are the most practical, unimaginative, business-like fellow that ever hedged a bet or drove a bargain, have had such dreams betwixt sleeping and waking as have given you a taste of heaven, and taught you the existence of a fairy-land, of which, to such as you, is only granted a far-away and occasional glimpse. What would you give to be able to embody such blissful visions and call them up at will? Let me have a camel's-hair brush, a few dabs of clay, and, behold! I am the magician before whose wand these dreams shall reappear tangibly, substantially, enduringly; alas for mortal short-comings, sometimes a little out of drawing, sometimes a little hard and cold; but still, Hal, I can make my own world, such as it is, and people it for myself; nor do I envy any man on earth, except, perhaps, a sculptor. To have perfected and wrought out in the imperishable marble the ideal of one's whole life, to walk round it, and smoke one's cigar, and say, 'This will last as long as St. Paul's Cathedral or the National Debt, and this is *mine*, I made it'—must be a sensation of delight that even we poor painters, with our works comparatively of a day, can hardly imagine; but then, what we lose in durability we gain in reproduction: and so once more I repeat, let who will be statesman, warrior, stock-jobber, or voluptuary, but give me the pallet and the easel, the *delire d'un peintre*, the line of beauty and the brush!

"Can you wonder that I should wish my boy to tread the same path? Had I but begun at his age, and worked as I *should* have worked, what might I have been now? Could I but make amends to him by leading him up the path to real fame, and see Vere the regenerator of modern art, I should die happy.

"And now, Hal, I must ask you of your own pursuits and your own successes. I do not often see an English paper; but these are a fine sporting people, with a dash of

our English tastes and a love of horse-flesh; and in a small pothouse where we put up last week, in the very heart of the Banat, I found a print of Flying Childers and a *Bell's Life* of the month before last. In this I read that your Marigold colt was first favorite for the Derby, and I can only say that I hope he will win, as fervently as I should have done some years back, when he would have carried a large portion of my money, or at least of my credit, on his back. I have also gathered that your short-horns won the prize at the great cattle-show. 'Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat.' I trust, therefore, that you are flourishing and thriving; also, that Constance, the most stately little lady I ever beheld at two years old, still queens it at the Manor-house. I will write again shortly, but must leave off now, as my boy is calling me to go out. He grows more like his poor mother every day, especially about the eyes. Adieu, Hal; ever yours,
PHILIP EGERTON."

LETTER II.

"THE longer I linger here, the more I become wedded to the land in which, after all, I have known the few hours of real happiness I ever spent. Yes, Hal, with all its guilt, with all its anxieties, with every thing and everybody battling against me,—that was my golden year, such as I shall never see again. She was so generous, so gentle, and so true; she sacrificed all so willingly for me, and never looked back. Such courage, such patience, and O! such beauty; and to lose her after one short year. Well, it is my punishment, and I bear it; but if it had to be done again I would do it. Surely I was not so much to blame. Had she but lived I would have made her such amends. And after all she is mine—mine in her lonely grave under the acacias, and I shall meet her again. If the universe holds her, I shall meet her again. Wearily the years have dragged on since I lost her, but every birthday is a milestone nearer home; and in the meantime I have Vere and my art. And we wander about this wild country, and scamper across its boundless plains, and I paint and smoke, and try to be happy.

"We arrived here last night, and I need scarcely tell you that Edeldorf is as English as any place out of England can be, and my old friend but little altered during the last twenty years. You remember De Rohan at

Melton and Newmarket, at Rome and at Paris. Wherever he lived he was quite the Englishman, and always rode a thoroughbred horse. It would indeed be ungrateful on your part to forget him. Need I remind you of the dinner at the old Club, and the procession afterwards, with some fourteen wax-candles, to inspect 'The Switcher' in your stables, at the risk of burning down the greater part of the town, and converting some of the best horses in England into an exceedingly tough grill. I can see the Count's face of drunken gravity now, as he felt carefully down the horse's forelegs, and undeterred by the respectful stare of your groom, or the undisguised astonishment of the animal itself. 'Vat is his name?' was the only question he asked of the polite Mr. Tophthorn. 'The Switcher, my lord,' was the reply. 'Ver' nice name,' said the Count, and bought him forthwith at a price that you yourself can best appreciate; but from that day to this he never could pronounce the animal's appellation; and although he rode the 'Svishare' both in England and here, and has got prints and pictures of him all over the house, 'The Svishare' he will continue to be till the end of time.

"All this Anglo-mania, however, is not much appreciated in high places; and I can see enough without looking much below the surface to satisfy me that the Count is eyed jealously by the authorities, and that if ever they catch him tripping they will not spare his fortunes or his person. I fear there will be a row before long, and I would not trust the wild blood of my friends here if once they get the upper hand. Only yesterday an incident occurred that gave me a pretty correct idea of the state of feeling in this country, and the disaffection of the peasant to his imperial rulers. Vere and I were travelling along in our usual manner, occupying the front seat of a most dilapidated carriage, which I purchased at Bucharest for twenty ducats, with the nurse and the baggage behind. We had stopped for me to sketch an animated group, in the shape of a drove of wild horses being drafted and chosen by their respective owners, and Vere was clapping his hands and shouting with delight at the hurry-scurry of the scene (by the way, there was a white horse that I caught in a beautiful attitude, who comes

out admirably and lights up the whole sketch), when an officer and a couple of dragoons rode into the midst of the busy horse-tamers, and very rudely proceeded to subject them to certain inquiries, which seemed to meet with sulky and evasive answers enough. After a time the Austrian officer, a handsome boy of twenty, stroking an incipient mustache, ordered the oldest man of the party to be pinioned; and placing him between his two soldiers, began to interrogate him in a most offensive and supercilious manner. The old man, who was what we should call in England a better sort of yeoman farmer, of course immediately affected utter ignorance of German; and as the young Austrian was no great proficient in Hungarian, I was compelled most unwillingly to interpret between them, Vere looking on meanwhile with his mouth wide open, in a state of intense bewilderment. The following is a specimen of the conversation:

"Austrian sub-lieutenant, in German—'Thou hast been hiding deserters; and so shalt thou be imprisoned, and fined, and suffer punishment.' I have to modify these threats into Hungarian. 'Brother, this noble officer seeks a deserter. Knowest thou of such an one?'

"Old Man—'My father, I know nothing,'

"Austrian Officer, with many expletives, modified as before by your humble servant—'You shall be punished with the utmost rigor if you do not give him up.'

"Old Man, again—'My father, I know nothing.'

"Officer, losing all patience, and gesticulating wildly with his sword—'Slave, brute, dog, tell me this instant which way he took, or I will have you hanged to that nearest tree, your family shall be imprisoned, and your village burnt to the ground.'

"Old Man, as before—'My father, I know nothing.'

"The case was getting hopeless; but the young officer had now thoroughly lost his temper, and ordered his men to tie the peasant up, and flog him soundly with a stirrup-leather. Here I thought it high time to interpose; I saw the wild Hungarian blood beginning to boil in the veins of some dozen dark scowling fellows, who had been occupied tending the horses. Eyes were flashing at the Austrians, and hands clutching under the sheepskin where the long knife lies. Fortu-

nately the officer was a gentleman and an admirer of the English. With much difficulty I persuaded him to abandon his cruel intention, and to ride on in prosecution of his search; but it was when his back was turned that the tide of indignation against himself and his country swelled to the highest. The peasants' faces actually became convulsed with rage, their voices shook with fury, and threats and maledictions were poured on their masters enough to make one's very blood run cold. If ever they *do* get the upper hand, woe to the oppressor! There is nothing on earth so fearful as a *Jacquerie*. God forbid this fair land should ever see one.

"We journeyed on in a different direction from the dragoons, but we caught occasional glimpses of their white coats as they gleamed through the acacias that skirted their road; and I was just thinking how well I could put them in with a dab or two of chalk against a thunder-storm, or a dark wood in the midst of summer when the bright sun makes the foliage almost black, and debating in my own mind whether the officer would not have made a better sketch if his horse had been a light gray, when my postillion pulled up with a jerk that nearly chucked Vere out of the carriage, and, pointing to something in the road, assured 'my Excellency' that the horse was dying, and the rider in all probability lying killed under his beast. Sure enough, an over-riden horse was prostrate in the middle of the road, and a young man vainly endeavoring to raise him by the bridle, and calling him by all the terms of endearment and abuse in the Hungarian vocabulary without the slightest effect. Seeing our carriage, he addressed me in German, and with a gentlemanlike voice and manner begged to know in what direction I was travelling. 'I hope to get to Edeldorf to-night,' was my answer. He started at the name. 'Edeldorf!' said he; 'I, too, am bound for Edeldorf; can you favor me with a seat in your carriage?' Of course I immediately complied; and Vere and I soon had the stranger between us, journeying amicably on towards my old friend's chateau. You know my failing, Hal, so I need not tell you how it was that I immediately began to study my new acquaintance's physiognomy, somewhat, I thought, to his discomfiture, for at first he turned his head away, but after a while seemed to think better of it, and entered

into conversation with much frankness and vivacity. The sun was getting low, and I think I could have sketched him very satisfactorily in that warm, soft light. His head was essentially that of a soldier; the brow deficient in ideality, but with the bold outlines which betoken penetration and forethought. Constructiveness fully developed, combativeness moderate, but firmness very strongly marked; the eyes deep set, and, though small, remarkably brilliant; the jaw that of a strong, bold man, while the lines about the mouth showed great energy of character and decision. From the general conformation of his head I should have placed forethought as the distinguishing quality of his character, and I should have painted the rich brown tones of his complexion on a system of my own, which such a portrait would be admirably calculated to bring out. However, I could not well ask him to sit to me upon so short an acquaintance; so, whilst he and Vere chatted on—for they soon became great friends, and my new acquaintance seemed charmed to find a child speaking German so fluently—I began to speculate on the trade and character of this mysterious addition to our party. 'Hair cut short, mustache close clipped,' thought I, 'perfect German accent, and the broad Viennese dialect of the aristocracy, all this looks like a soldier; but the rough frieze coat and huge shapeless riding boots could never belong to an officer of that neatest of armies—"the Imperial and Kingly." Then his muscular figure, and light active gait, which I remarked as he sprang into the carriage, would argue him one who was in the habit of practising feats of strength and agility. There is no mistaking the effects of the gymnasium. Stay, I have it, he is a fencing-master; that accounts for the military appearance, the quick glance, the somewhat worn look of the countenance, and he is going to Edeldorf to teach De Rohan's boy the polite art of self-defence. So much the better. I, too, love dearly a turn with the foils, so I can have a glorious "set to" with him to-morrow or the next day; and then, when we are more intimate, I can paint him. I think I shall do him in oils. I wish he would turn his head the least thing further this way.' I had got as far as this when my new friend did indeed turn his head round, and looking me full in the face, thus addressed me—"Sir, you are an Englishman and an honorable

man. I have no right to deceive you. You incur great danger by being seen with me. I have no right to implicate you; set me down and let me walk.' Vere looked more astonished than ever. I begged him to explain himself. 'I tell you,' said he, 'that I am a thief and a deserter. My name is posted at every barrack-gate in the Empire. I am liable to be hanged if taken. Are you not afraid of me now?'—'No,' exclaimed Vere, his color heightening and his eyes glistening (O! so like her). 'Papa and I will take care of you; don't be afraid.' My boy had anticipated what I was going to say; but I assured him that as I had taken him into my carriage I considered him as my guest, and come what would, I never could think of abandoning him till we reached our destination. 'Of course,' I added, 'you are then free to come or go as you please. If you have done any thing disgraceful we need never know each other again. I do not wish to hear of it. You are to me only a belated

traveller, permit me to add, a gentleman, to whom I am delighted to be of service. Will you smoke? let me offer you a cigar.' The blood rushed to his face as he declined the proffered courtesy; for an instant he looked half offended, and then, seizing my hand, he exclaimed, 'If you knew all you would pity me, nay more, you would approve of what I have done.' He turned suddenly to Vere, and rather startled him by abruptly exclaiming, 'Boy, do you love your father? is he all the world to you?'—'Yes,' said Vere, coloring up again, 'of course I love papa, and Nurse "Nettich" too.' That worthy woman was fast asleep in the rumble. 'Well,' said the stranger, more composedly, 'I love my father too; he is all I have in the world, and for his sake I would do the same thing again. I will tell you all about it, and you shall judge between me and my crime.' But my new friend's story I must defer, my dear Hal, to another letter. So, for the present, *Vive vaeque.*"

CHAPTER II.—THE DESERTER.

DIM and strange are the recollections that steal over me while I read these time-worn letters of one who, with all his faults, was the kindest, fondest, and best of enthusiasts. It seems like a dream; I cannot fancy that I am the child alluded to. It seems as though all this must have happened to some one else, and that I stood by and watched. Yet have I a vague and shadowy remembrance of the warm autumnal evening; the road soft and thick with dust; the creaking, monotonous motion of the carriage, and my waking up from an occasional nap, and finding myself propped by the strong arm of a stranger, and nestling my head upon his broad shoulder, whilst my father's kind face and eager eyes were turned towards my new acquaintance with the earnest comprehensive look I remember so well. My father always seemed to take in at a glance, not only the object that attracted his attention, but all its accessories, possible as well as actual. I believe he never left off painting in his mind. I remember nothing very distinctly; and no wonder, for my little brain must have been a strange chaos of shifting scenes and unexpected events, foreign manners and home idas, to say nothing of a general confusion of tongues: for I could prattle French,

German, and Hungarian, with a smattering of Turkish, not to mention my own native language, and I used them all indiscriminately. But my father's letters bring back much that I had otherwise forgotten, and whilst I read the story of the renegade, I can almost fancy I am leaning against his upright soldier-like form, and listening to the clear decided tones in which he told his tale.

LETTER III.

"'I AM a soldier, sir,' said my new acquaintance, whilst I leant back in the carriage smoking my cigar, and, *more meo*, Hal, made the most of my 'study.' 'I am an Austrian soldier—at least I was a week ago—I would not give much for my chance if ever I come into the clutches of the 'Double Eagle' again. Shall I tell you why I entered the Imperial Army? All my life I have thought it best to be on the winning side. If I had been born an Englishman, O what happiness! I would have asked no better lot than to wander about with my dog and my gun, and be free. But a Croat, no, there is no liberty in Croatia. We must have masters, forsooth! territorial dues and seignorial rights; and we must bow and cringe and be trampled on by our own nobility. But these, too, have *their* masters,

and I have seen the lord of many thousand acres tremble before a captain of dragoons. So I determined that if a military despotism was to be the order of the day, why I, too, would make a part of the great engine, perhaps some time I might come to wield it all. My father was appointed steward to a great lord in Hungary—perhaps, had he remained, I might never have left home, for I am his only child, and we, too, are alone in the world; besides, is not a son's first duty to obey his father?—but I could not bear to exchange the free open air, and my horse, and my gun, and my dogs (I had the best grayhounds in Croatia), for a leathern stool and an inkstand, and I said, 'Father, I too will become an Austrian, and so some day shall I be a great man, perhaps a colonel, and then will I return once a-year to see you, and comfort you in your old age.' So I was sworn to obey the Emperor, and soon I learnt my exercise, and saw that to rise even in the Austrian army was not difficult for one who could see clearly before him, and could count that two and two make four, and never five.

"Very few men are soldiers at heart, and those who love the profession and would fain shine, can only see one way to success, and that must be the old-established track that has always been followed. If I wanted to move across that stream and had no boats, what should I do? I would try if it be too deep to wade. But the regulation says, soldiers shall not wade if the water be over a certain depth. So for six inches of water I must be defeated. That should not be my way; if it came no higher than their chins my men should cross; and if we could keep our muskets dry, where would be the harm? Well, I soon rose to be a corporal and a sergeant; and whilst I practised fencing and riding and gymnastics, I learnt besides something of gunnery and fortification, and the art of supplying an army with food. At last I was made lieutenant and paymaster of the regiment, for I could always calculate readily, and never shrank from trouble or feared responsibility. So I had good pay and good comrades, and was getting on. Meanwhile my poor father was distressing himself about my profession, and imagining all sorts of misfortunes that would happen to me if I remained a soldier. In his letters to me he always hinted at the

possibility of some great success—at his hopes of, before long, placing me in an independent position; that I should leave the army to come and live with him, and we would farm an estate of our own, and never be parted any more. Poor old man; what do you think he built on? why, these foolish lotteries. Ticket after ticket did he purchase, and ticket after ticket came up a blank. At last, in his infatuation, he raised a sum of money—enough to obtain him all the numbers he had set his heart upon—for he mixed calculation with his gambling, which is certain ruin—and for this purpose he embezzled two thousand florins of his employer's property, and wasted it as he had done the rest. In his despair he wrote to me. What could I do? two thousand florins were in the pay-chest. I have it here in this leathern bag. I have saved my father; he is steward at Edeldorf. I shall see him to-night; after that I must fly the country. I will go to England, the land of the free. I am ruined, degraded, and my life is not worth twelve hours' purchase; but I do not regret it. Look at your boy, sir, and tell me if I am not right.' He is a fine fellow this, Hal, depend upon it; and though my own feelings as a gentleman were a little shocked at a man talking thus coolly of robbery in any thing but the legitimate way on the turf, I could scarcely remonstrate with him, now the thing was done; so I shook him by the hand, and promised him at any rate a safe convoy to Edeldorf, which we were now rapidly approaching. You like a fine place, Hal; you always did. I remember when you used to vow that if ever Fortune smiled upon you,—and faith, it is not for want of wooing that you have missed the goddess's favors,—how you would build and castellate and improve Beverley Manor, till, in my opinion as an artist and a man of associations, you would spoil it completely; but I think even your fastidious taste would be delighted with Edeldorf. The sun was just down as we drove into the park, and returned the salute of the smart Hussar mounting guard at the lodge; and the winding road, and smooth sward dotted with thorns, and those eternal acacias, reminded one of a gentleman's place in Old England, till we rounded the corner of a beautifully-dressed flower-garden, and came in view of the castle itself, with all its angles and

turrets and embrasures, and mullioned windows, and picturesque ins-and-outs; the whole standing boldly out in a sort of chiaro-oscuro against the evening sky, fast beginning to soften into twilight. Old De Rohan was on the steps to welcome me, his figure upright and noble as ever; his countenance as pleasing; but the beard and mustache that you and I remember so dark and glossy, now as white as snow; yet is he a very handsome fellow still. In mail or plate, leaning his arm on his helmet, with his beard flowing over a steel cuirass inlaid with gold, he would make a capital seneschal, or marshal of a tournament, or other elderly dignity of the middle ages; but I should

like best to paint him in dark velvet, with a skull-cap, as Lord Soulis, or some other noble votary of the magic art; and to bring him out in a dusky room with one ray of vivid light from a lamp just over his temples, and gleaming off that fine, bold, shining forehead, from which the hair is now completely worn away."

There are no more of the old dusty letters. Why these should have been tied up and preserved for so many years is more than I can tell. They have, however, reminded me of much in my youth that I had well-nigh forgotten. I must try back on my vague memories for the commencement of my narrative.

CHAPTER III.—"PAR NOBILE."

"You shall play with my toys, and break them if you like, for my papa loves the English, and you are my English friend," said a handsome blue-eyed child to his little companion, as they sauntered hand-in-hand through the spacious entrance-hall at Edeldorf. The boy was evidently bent on patronizing his friend. The friend was somewhat abashed and bewildered, and grateful to be taken notice of.

"What is your name?—may I call you by your Christian name?" said the lesser child, timidly, and rather nestling to his protector, for such had the bigger boy constituted himself.

"My name is Victor," was the proud reply; "and *you* may call me Victor, because I love you; but the servants must call me Count, because my papa is a count; and I am not an Austrian count, but a Hungarian. Come and see my sword." So the two children were soon busy in an examination of that very beautiful, but not very destructive plaything.

They were indeed a strange contrast. Victor de Rohan, son and heir to one of the noblest and wealthiest of Hungary's aristocracy, looked all over the high-bred child he was. Free and bold, his large, frank blue eyes, and wide brow, shaded with clustering curls of golden brown, betokened a gallant, thoughtless spirit, and a kind, warm heart; whilst the delicate nostril and handsomely-curved mouth of the well-born child betrayed, perhaps, a little too much pride for one so young, and argued a disposition not

too patient of contradiction or restraint. His little companion was as unlike him as possible, and indeed most people would have taken Victor for the English boy, and Vere for the foreign one. The latter was heavy, awkward, and ungainly in his movements, timid and hesitating in his manner, with a sallow complexion, and dark, deep-set eyes, that seemed always looking into a world beyond. He was a strange child, totally without the light-heartedness of his age, timid, shy, and awkward, but capable of strong attachments, and willing to endure anything for the sake of those he loved. Then he had quaint fancies, and curious modes of expressing them, which made other children laugh at him, when the boy would retire into himself, deeply wounded and unhappy, but too proud to show it. As he looks now at Victor's sword, with which the latter is vamping about the hall, destroying imaginary enemies, Vere asks—

"What becomes of the people that are killed, Victor?"

"We ride over their bodies," says Victor, who has just delivered a finishing thrust at his phantom-foe.

"Yes, but what *becomes* of them?" pursues the child, now answering himself. "I think they come to me in my dreams; for sometimes, do you know, I dream of men in armor charging on white horses, and they come by with a wind that wakes me; and when I ask 'Nettich' who they are, she says they are the fairies; but I don't think they are fairies, because you know fairies

are quite small, and have wings. No, I think they must be the people that are killed."

"Very likely," replies Victor, who has not considered the subject in this light, and whose dreams are mostly of ponies and plum-cake—"very likely; but come to papa, and he will give us some grapes." So off they go, arm-in-arm, to the great banquetting-hall; and Vere postpones his dream-theories to some future occasion, for there is a charm about grapes that speaks at once to a child's heart.

So the two boys make their entrance into the banquetting-hall, where De Rohan sits in state, surrounded by his guests. On his right is placed Philip Egerton, whose dark eye gleams with pleasure as he looks upon his son. Who but a father would take delight in such a plain, unattractive child? Vere glides quietly to his side, shrinking from the strange faces and gorgeous uniforms around; but Victor walks boldly up to the old Count, and demands his daily glass of Tokay, not as a favor, but a right.

"I drink to Hungary!" says the child, looking full into the face of his next neighbor, a prince allied to the Imperial family, and a general of Austrian cavalry. "Mon-sieur le Prince, your good health! Come, clink your glass with me."

"Your boy is a true De Rohan," says the good-natured Austrian, as he accepts the urchin's challenge, and their goblets ring against each other. "Will you be a soldier, my lad, and wear the white uniform?"

"I will be a soldier," answers the child, "but not an Austrian soldier like you: Austrian soldiers are not so brave as Hungarians."

"Well said, my little patriot," replies the amused general. "So you do not think our people are good for much? Why, with that sword of yours, I should be very sorry to face you with my whole division. What a Light Dragon the rogue will make, De Rohan! see, he has plundered the grapes already." And the jolly prince sat back in his chair, and poured himself out another glass of "Imperial Tokay."

"Hush, Victor!" said his father, laughing, in spite of himself, at his child's forwardness. "Look at your little English friend; he stands quiet there, and says nothing. I shall make an Englishman of my

boy, Egerton; he shall go to an English school, and learn to ride and box, and to be a man. I love England and the English. Egerton, your good health! I wish my boy to be like yours. *Sapperment!* he is quiet, but I will answer for it he fears neither man nor devil."

My father's face lighted up with pleasure as he pressed me to his side. Kind father! I believe he thought his ugly, timid, shrinking child was the admiration of all.

"I think the boy has courage," he said, "but for that I give him little credit. All men are naturally brave; it is but education that makes us reflect; hence we learn to fear consequences, and so become cowards."

"Pardon, *mon cher*," observed the Austrian general, with a laugh. "Now, my opinion is that all men are naturally cowards, and that we alone deserve credit who overcome that propensity, and so distinguish ourselves for what we choose to call bravery, but which we ought rather to term self-command. What say you, De Rohan? You have been in action, and 'on the ground,' too, more than once. Were you not cursedly afraid?"

De Rohan smiled good-humoredly, and filled his glass.

"Shall I tell you my opinion of courage?" said he, holding up the sparkling fluid to the light. "I think of courage what our Hungarian Hussars think of a breastplate. 'Of what use,' say they, 'is cuirass and back-piece, and all that weight of defensive armor? Give us a pint of wine in our stomach, and we are *breastplate all over*.' Come, Wallenstein, put your breastplate on—it is very light, and fits very easily."

The general filled again, but returned to the charge.

"You remind me," said he, "of a conversation I overheard when I was a lieutenant in the 1st regiment of Uhlans. We were drawn up on the crest of a hill, opposite a battery in position, not half a mile from us. If they had retired us two hundred yards, we should have been under cover; but we never got the order, and there we stood. Whish! the round shot, came over our heads and under our feet, and into our ranks, and we lost two men and five horses before we knew where we were. The soldiers grumbled sadly, and a few seemed inclined to turn rain and go to the rear.

Mind you, it is not fair to ask cavalry to sit still and be pounded for amusement: but the officers, being *cowards by education*, Mr. Egerton, did their duty well, and kept the men together. I was watching my troop anxiously enough, and I heard one man say to his comrade, 'Look at Johann, Fritz! what a bold one he is; he thinks nothing of the fire; see, he tickles the horse of his front-rank man even now, to make him kick.'

"Exactly my argument," interrupted my father; "he was an uneducated man, consequently saw nothing to be afraid of. Bravery, after all, is only insensibility to danger."

"Fritz did not think so," replied Wallenstein. "Hear his answer—'Johann is a blockhead,' he replied, 'he has never been under fire before, and does not know his danger; but you and I, old comrade, we deserve to be made corporals; for we sit quiet here on our horses, *though we are most cursedly afraid*.'"

The guests all laughed; and the discussion would have terminated but that De Rohan, who had drunk more wine than was his custom, and who was very proud of his boy, could not refrain from once more turning the conversation to Victor's merits, and to that personal courage by which, however much he might affect to make light of it in society, he set such store.

"Well, Wallenstein," said he; "you hold that Nature makes us cowards; if so, my boy here ought to show something of the white feather. Come hither, Victor. Are you afraid of being in the dark?"

"No, papa!" answered Victor, boldly; but added, after a moment's consideration, "except in the Ghost's Gallery. I don't go through the Ghost's Gallery after six o'clock."

This *naïve* confession excited much amusement amongst the guests; but De Rohan's confidence in his boy's courage was not to be so shaken.

"What shall I give you," said he, "to go and fetch me the old Breviary that lies on the table at the far end of the Ghost's Gallery?"

Victor looked at me, and I at him. My breath came quicker and quicker. The child colored painfully, but did not answer. I felt his terrors myself. I looked upon the

proposed expedition as the soldier might on a forlorn hope; but something within kept stirring me to speak; it was a mingled feeling of emulation, pity, and friendship, tinged with that inexplicable charm that coming danger has always possessed for me—a charm that the constitutionally brave are incapable of feeling. I mastered my shyness with an effort, and, shaking all over, said to the master of the house, in a thick, low voice—

"If you please, Monsieur le Comte, if Victor goes, I will go too."

"Well said, little man!" "Bravo, boy!" "Vere, you're a trump!" in plain English from my father; and "In Heaven's name, give the lads a breastplate apiece, in the shape of a glass of Tokay!" from the jolly general, were the acclamations that greeted my resolution; and for one delicious moment I felt like a little hero. Victor, too, caught the enthusiasm; and, ashamed of showing less courage than his playfellow, expressed his readiness to accompany me,—first stipulating, however, with praiseworthy caution, that he should take his sword for our joint preservation; and also that two large bunches of grapes should be placed at our disposal on our safe return, "if," as Victor touchingly remarked, "we ever come back at all!" My father opened the door for us with a low bow, and it closed upon a burst of laughter, which to us, bound, as we fancied, on an expedition of unparalleled danger, sounded to the last degree unfeeling.

Hand in hand we two children walked through the ante-room, and across the hall; nor was it until we reached the first landing on the wide, gloomy oak staircase, that we paused to consider our future plans, and to scan the desperate nature of our enterprise. There were but two more flights of steps, a green-baize door to go through, a few yards of passage to traverse, and then, Victor assured me, in trembling accents, we should be in the Ghost's Gallery. My heart beat painfully, and my informant began to cry.

We laid our plans, however, with considerable caution, and made a solemn compact of alliance, offensive and defensive, that no power, natural or supernatural, was to shake. We were on no account whatsoever to leave go of each other's hands. Thus linked, and Victor having his sword drawn, —for the furtherance of which warlike atti-

tude I was to keep carefully on his left,—we resolved to advance, if possible, talking the whole way up to the fatal table whereon lay the Breviary, and then snatching it up hastily, to return backwards, so as to present our front to the foe till we reached the green-baize door, at which point *saue qui peut* was to be the order; and we were to rush back into the dining-room as fast as our legs could carry us. But in the event of our progress being interrupted by the ghost (who appeared, as Victor informed me, in the shape of a huge black dog with green eyes,—a description at which my blood ran cold,—and which he added had been seen once by his governess and twice by an old drunken Hussar who waited on him, and answered to the name of “Hans”), we were to lie down on our faces, so as to hide our eyes from the ghostly vision, and scream till we alarmed the house; but on no account, we repeated in the most binding and solemn manner—on no account were we to let go of each other’s hands. This compact made and provided, we advanced towards the gallery, Victor feeling the edge and point of his weapon with an appearance of confidence that my own beating heart told me must be put on for the occasion, and would vanish at the first appearance of danger.

And now the green door is passed and we are in the gallery; a faint light through the stained windows only serves to show its extent and general gloom, whilst its corners and abutments are black as a wolf’s mouth. Not a servant in the castle would willingly traverse this gallery after dark, and we two children feel that we are at last alone, and cut off from all hopes of assistance or rescue. But the Breviary lies on the table at the far end, and, dreading the very sound of our own footsteps, we steal quietly on. All at once Victor stops short.

“What is that?” says he, in trembling accents.

The question alone takes away my breath, and I feel the drops break out on my lips and forehead. We stop simultaneously and listen. Encouraged by the silence, we creep on, and for an instant I experienced that vague tumultuous feeling of excitement which is almost akin to pleasure. But, hark!—a heavy breath!—a groan!! My hair stands on end, and Victor’s hand clasps mine like a vise. I dare scarce turn my

head towards the sound,—it comes from that far corner. There it is! A dark object in the deepest gloom of that recess seems crouching for a spring. The ghost!—the ghost!!—I exclaim, losing all power of self-command in an agony of fear. “The dog!—the dog!!” shrieks Victor; and away we scour hard as our legs can carry us, forgetful of our solemn agreements and high resolves, forgetful of all but that safety lies before, and terror of the ghastliest description behind; away we scour, Victor leaving his sword where he dropped it at the first alarm, through the green door, down the oak staircase, across the hall, nor stop till we reach the banqueting-room, with its reassuring faces and its lights, cheering beyond measure by contrast with the gloom from which we have escaped.

What shouts of laughter met us as we approached the table. “Well, Victor, where’s the Breviary?” said the Count. “What! my boy, was Nature too strong for you in the dark, with nobody looking on?” asked the General. “See! he has lost his sword,” laughed another. “And the little Engländer,—he, too, was panic-struck,” remarked a fourth. I shrank from them all and took refuge at my father’s side. “Vere, I am ashamed of you,” was all he said; but the words sank deep into my heart, and I bowed my head with a feeling of burning shame, that I had disgraced myself in my father’s eyes forever. We were sent to bed, and I shared Victor’s nursery, under the joint charge of Nettich and his own attendant; but, do what I would, I could not sleep. There was a stain upon my character in the eyes of the one I loved best on earth, and I could not bear it. Though so quiet and undemonstrative, I was a child of strong attachments. I perfectly idolized my father, and now he was ashamed of me;—the words seemed to burn in my little heart. I tossed and tumbled and fretted myself into a fever, aggravated by the sounding snores of Nettich and the other nurse, who slept as only nurses can.

At last I could bear it no longer. I sat up in bed and peered stealthily round. All were hushed in sleep. I determined to do or die. Yes, I would go to the gallery; I would fetch the Breviary and lay it on my father’s table before he awoke. If I succeeded, I should recover his good opinion;

if I encountered the phantom dog, why, he could but kill me after all. I would wake Victor, and we would go together;—or, no, I would take the whole peril, and have all the glory of the exploit, myself. I thought it over every way. At last my mind was made up; my naked feet were on the floor;

I stole from the nursery; I threaded the dark passages; I reached the gallery; a dim light was shining at the far end, and I could hear earnest voices conversing in a low guarded tone. Half-frightened and altogether confused, I stopped and listened.

CHAPTER IV.—FATHER AND SON.

THE Count's old steward has seen all go to rest in the castle, the lords have left the banqueting-room, and the servants, who have been making merry in the hall, are long ere this sound asleep. It is the steward's custom to see all safe before he lights his lamp and retires to rest; but to-night he shades it carefully with a wrinkled hand that trembles strangely, and his white face peers into the darkness, as though he were about some deed of shame. He steals into the Ghost's Gallery, and creeps silently to the further end. There is a dark object muffled in a cloak in the gloomiest corner, and the light from the steward's lamp reveals a fine young man, sleeping with that thorough abandonment which is only observable in those who are completely out-wearied and overdone. It is some minutes ere the old man can wake him.

"My boy!" says he; "my boy, it is time for us to part. Hard, hard is it to be robbed of my son—robbed—" and the old man checks himself as though the word recalled some painful associations.

"Ay, father," was the reply, "you know our old Croatian proverb, 'He who steals is but a borrower.' Nevertheless, I do not wish the Austrians to 'borrow' me, in case I should never be returned; and it is unmannerly for the lieutenant to occupy the same quarters as the general. I must be off before dawn; but surely it cannot be midnight yet."

"In less than an hour the day will break, my son. I have concealed you here because not a servant of the household dare set foot in the Ghost's Gallery till daylight, and you are safe; but twenty-four more hours must see you on the Danube, and you must come here no more. O! my boy, my boy!—lost to save me!—dishonored that I might not be disgraced! My boy! my boy!"—and the old man burst into a passion of weeping that seemed to convulse his very frame with agony.

The son had more energy and self-command; his voice did not even shake as he soothed and quieted the old man with a protecting fondness like that of a parent for a child. "My father," said he, "there is no dishonor where there is no guilt. My first duty is to you, and were it to do again, I would do it. What? it was but a momentary qualm and a snatch at the box; and now you are safe. Father, I shall come back some day, and offer you a home. Fear not for me. I have it *here* in my breast, the stuff of which men make fortunes. I can rely upon myself. I can obey orders; and, father, when others are bewildered and confused, I can *command*. I feel it; I know it. Let me get clear of the 'Eagle's' talons, and fear not for me, dear father; I shall see you again, and we will be prosperous and happy yet. But, how to get away?—have you thought of a plan? Can I get a good horse here? Does the Count know I am in trouble, and will he help me? Tell me all, father, and I shall see my own way,—I will answer for it."

"My gallant boy!" said the steward, despite of himself moved to admiration by the self-reliant bearing of his son; "there is but one chance; for the Count could not but hand you over to Wallenstein if he knew you were in the castle, and then it would be a pleasant jest, and the nearest tree. The General is a jovial comrade and a good-humored acquaintance; but, as a matter of duty, he would hang his own son and go to dinner afterwards with an appetite none the worse. No, no. 'Trust to an Austrian's mercy and confess yourself!' I have a better plan than that. The Zingynies are in the village; they held their merry-making here yesterday. I saw their Queen last night after you arrived. I have arranged it all with her. A gipsy's dress, a dyed skin, and the middle of the troop;—not an Austrian soldier in Hungary that will detect you then. Banishment is better than death.

O, my boy! my boy!"—and once more the old man gave way and wept.

"Forward, then, father!" said the younger man, whom I now recognized as my travelling acquaintance; "there is no time to lose now. How can we get out of the castle without alarming the household? I leave all to you now; it will be my turn some day." And as he spoke he rose from the steps on which he had been lying when his recumbent form had so alarmed Victor and myself, and accompanied his father down a winding staircase that seemed let into the massive wall of the old building. My curiosity was fearfully excited. I would

have given all my playthings to follow them. I crept stealthily on, naked feet and all; but I was not close enough behind, and the door shut quietly with a spring just as my hand was upon it, leaving me alone in the Ghost's Gallery. I was not the least frightened *now*. I forgot all about ghosts and Breviaries, and stole back to my nursery and my bed, my little head completely filled with a medley of stewards and soldiers and gipsies, and Austrian generals and military executions, and phantom dogs and secret staircases, and all the most unlikely incidents that crowd together in that busy organ—a child's brain.

CHAPTER V.—THE ZINGYNIES.

THE morning sun smiles upon a motley troop journeying towards the Danube. Two or three lithe, supple urchins, bounding and dancing along with half-naked bodies, and bright black eyes shining through knotted elf-locks, form the advanced guard. Half-a-dozen donkeys seem to carry the whole property of the tribe. The main body consists of sinewy, active-looking men, and strikingly handsome girls, all walking with the free, graceful air and elastic gait peculiar to those whose lives are passed entirely in active exercise, under no roof but that of heaven. Dark-browed women in the very meridian of beauty bring up the rear, dragging or carrying a race of swarthy progeny, all alike distinguished for the sparkling eyes and raven hair, which, with a cunning nothing can overreach, and a nature nothing can tame, seem to be the peculiar inheritance of the gipsy. Their costume is striking, not to say grotesque. Some of the girls and all the matrons bind their brows with various-colored handkerchiefs, which form a very picturesque and not unbecoming head-gear; whilst in a few instances coins even of gold are strung amongst the jetty locks of the Zingyni beauties. The men are not so particular in their attire. One sinewy fellow wears only a goatskin shirt and a string of beads round his neck, but the generality are clad in the coarse cloth of the country, much tattered, and bearing evident symptoms of weather and wear. The little mischievous urchins who are clinging round their mother's necks, or dragging back from their mother's hands, and holding on to their mother's skirts, are almost naked.

Small heads and hands and feet, all the marks of what we are accustomed to term high birth, are hereditary among the gipsies; and we doubt if the Queen of the South herself was a more queenly-looking personage than the dame now marching in the midst of the throng, and conversing earnestly with her companion—a resolute-looking man, scarce entering on the prime of life, with a gipsy complexion, but a bearing in which it is not difficult to recognize the soldier. He is talking to his protectress—for such she is—with a military frankness and vivacity, which even to that royal personage, accustomed though she be to exact all the respect due to her rank, appears by no means displeasing. The lady is verging on the autumn of her charms, (their summer must have been scorching indeed!) and, though a masculine beauty, is a beauty nevertheless. Black-browed is she, and deep-colored, with eyes of fire, and locks of jet, even now untinged with gray. Straight and regular are her features, and the wide mouth, with its strong, even dazzling teeth, betokens an energy and force of will which would do credit to the other sex. She has the face of a woman that would dare much, labor much, every thing but *love* much. She ought to be a queen, and she is one, none the less despotic for ruling over a tribe of gipsies instead of a civilized community. "None dispute my word here," says she, "and my word is pledged to bring you to the Danube. Let me see a soldier of them all lay a hand upon you, and you shall see the gipsy brood show their teeth." A long knife is no bad weapon at close quarters.

When you have got to the top of the wheel, you will remember me!"

The soldier laughed, and lightly replied, "Yours are the sort of eyes one does not easily forget, mother. I wish I were a prince of the blood in your nation. As I am situated now, I can only be dazzled by so much beauty, and go my ways."

The woman checked him sternly, almost savagely, though a few minutes before she had been listening, half amused, to his gay and not very respectful conversation.

"Hush!" she said, "trifler. Once more I say, when the wheel has turned, remember me. Give me your hand; I can read it plainer so."

"What, mother?" laughed out her companion. "Every gipsy can tell fortunes; mine has been told many a time, but it never came true."

She was studying the lines on his palm with earnest attention. She raised her dark eyes angrily to his face.

"Blind! blind!" she answered, in a low, eager tone. "The best of you cannot see a yard upon your way. Look at that white road, winding and winding many a mile before us upon the plain. Because it is flat and soft and smooth as far as we can see, will there be no hills on our journey? no rocks to cut our feet? no thorns to tear our limbs? Can you see the Danube rolling on far, far before us? Can you see the river you will have to cross some day, or can you tell me where it leads? I have the map of our journey here in my brain; I have the map of your career here on your hand. Once more I say, when the chiefs are in council, and the hosts are melting like snow before the sun, and the earth quakes, and the heavens are filled with thunder, and the shower that falls scorches and crushes and blasts—remember me! I follow the line of wealth: Man of gold! spoil on; here a horse, there a diamond; hundreds to uphold the right, thousands to spare the wrong; both hands full, and broad lands near a city of palaces, and a king's favor, and a nation of slaves beneath thy foot. I follow the line of pleasure: Costly amber; rich embroidery; dark eyes melting for the Croat; glances unveiled for the shaven head, many and loving and beautiful; a garland of roses, all for one—rose by rose plucked and withered

and thrown away; one tender bud remaining; cherish it till it blows, and wear it till it dies. I follow the line of blood: It leads towards the rising sun—charging squadrons with lances in rest, and a wild shout in a strange tongue; and the dead wrapped in gray, with charm and amulet that were powerless to save; and hosts of many nations gathered by the sea—pestilence, famine, despair, and victory. Rising on the whirlwind, chief among chiefs, the honored of leaders, the counsellor of princes—remember me! But ha! the line is crossed. Beware! trust not the sons of the adopted land; when the lily is on thy breast, beware of the dusky shadow on the wall; beware, and remember me!"

The gipsy stopped, and clung to him exhausted. For a few paces she was unable to support herself: the prophetic mood past, there was a reaction, and all her powers seemed to fail her at once; but her companion walked on in silence. The eagerness of the Pythoness had impressed even his strong, practical nature, and he seemed himself to look into futurity as he muttered, "If man can win it, I will."

The gipsies travelled but slowly; and, although the sun was already high, they had not yet placed many miles between the fugitive and the castle. This, however, was of no great importance. His disguise was so complete, that few would have recognized in the tattered, swarthy vagrant, the smart, soldier-like traveller who had arrived the previous evening at Edeldorf. From the conversation I had overheard in the Ghost's Gallery, I was alone in the secret, which, strange to say, I forebore to confide even to my friend Victor. But I could not forget the steward and his son; it was my first glimpse into the romance of real life, and I could not help feeling a painful interest in his fortunes, and an eager desire to see him at least safe off with his motley company. I was rejoiced, therefore, at Victor's early proposal, made the very instant we had swallowed our breakfasts, that we should take a ride; and notwithstanding my misgivings about a strange pony, for I was always timid on horseback, I willingly accepted his offer of a mount, and jumped into the saddle almost as readily as my little companion, a true Hungarian, with whom,

"Like Mad Tom, the chiefest care,
Was horse to ride and weapon wear."

Of course, Victor had a complete establishment of ponies belonging to himself; and equally of course, he had detailed to me at great length their several merits and peculiarities, with an authentic biography of his favorite—a stiff little chestnut, rejoicing in the name of "Gold-kind," which, signifying as it does, "the golden-child" or darling, he seemed to think an exceedingly happy allusion to the chestnut skin and endearing qualities of his treasure.

Fortunately, my pony was very quiet; and although, when mounted, my playfellow went off at score, we were soon miles from Edeldorf, without any event occurring to upset my own equilibrium or the sobriety of my steed. Equally fortunately, we took the road by which the gipsies had travelled. Ere long, we overtook the cavalcade as it wound slowly along the plain. Heads were bared to Victor, and blessings called down upon the family of De Rohan; for the old count was at all times a friend to the friendless, and a refuge to the poor.

"Good luck to you, young count! shall I tell you your fortune?" said one.

"Little, honorable cavalier, give me your hand, and cross it with a 'zwanziger,'" said another.

"Be silent, children, and let me speak to the young De Rohan," said the gipsy queen; and she laid her hand upon his bridle, and fairly brought Gold-kind to a halt.

Victor looked half afraid, although he began to laugh.

"Let me go," said he, tugging vigorously at his reins; "papa desired me not to have my fortune told."

"Not by a common Zingynie," urged the queen, archly; "but I am the mother of all these. My pretty boy, I was at your christening, and have held you in my arms many a time. Let me tell you your happy fortune."

Victor began to relent. "If Vere will have his told first, I will," said he, turning half bashfully, half eagerly to me.

I proffered my hand readily to the gipsy, and crossed it with one of the two pieces of silver which constituted the whole of my worldly wealth. The gipsy laughed, and began to prophesy in German. There are some events a child never forgets; and I re-

member every word she said as well as if it had been spoken yesterday.

"Over the sea, and again over the sea; thou shalt know grief and hardship and losses, and the dove shall be driven from its nest. And the dove's heart shall become like the eagle's, that flies alone and fleshes her beak in the slain. Beat on, though the poor wings be bruised by the tempest, and the breast be sore, and the heart sink; beat on against the wind, and seek no shelter till thou find thy resting-place at last. The time will come—only beat on."

The woman laughed as she spoke; but there was a kindly tone in her voice and a pitying look in her bright eyes that went straight to my heart. Many a time since, in life, when the storm has indeed been boisterous and the wings so weary, have I thought of those words of encouragement, "The time will come—beat on."

It was now Victor's turn, and he crossed his palm with a golden ducat ere he presented it to the sibyl. This was of itself sufficient to insure him a magnificent future; and as the queen perused the lines on his soft little hand, with its pink fingers, she indulged in anticipations of magnificence proportioned to the handsome donation of the child.

"Thou shalt be a 'De Rohan,' my darling, and I can promise thee no brighter lot,—broad acres, and blessings from the poor, and horses, and wealth, and honors. And the sword shall spare thee, and the battle turn aside to let thee pass. And thou shalt wed a fair bride with dark eyes and a queenly brow; but beware of St. Hubert's Day. Birth and burial, birth and burial—beware of St. Hubert's Day."

"But I want to be a soldier," exclaimed Victor, who seemed much disappointed at the future which was prognosticated for him; "the De Rohans were always soldiers. Mother, can't you make out that I shall be a soldier?" still holding the little hand open.

"Farewell, my children," was the only answer vouchsafed by the prophetess. "I can only read, I cannot write: farewell." And setting the troop in order, she motioned to them to continue their march without further delay.

I took advantage of the movement to press near my acquaintance of the day before,

whom I had not failed to recognize in his gipsy garb. Poor fellow, my childish heart bled for him, and, in a happy moment, I bethought me of my remaining bit of silver. I stooped from my pony and kissed his forehead, while I squeezed the coin into his hand without a word. The tears came into the deserter's eyes. "God bless you, little man! I shall never forget you," was all

he said; but I observed that he bit the coin with his large, strong teeth till it was nearly double, and then placed it carefully in his bosom. We turned our ponies and were soon out of sight; but I never breathed a syllable to Victor about the fugitive, or the steward, or the Ghost's Gallery, for two whole days. Human nature could keep the secret no longer.

We hear from America—nearly all the States of which are most honorably distinguished by a sacred care of their historical vouchers—that the publications of the new year are likely to prove interesting on both sides of the Atlantic. The New York Historical Society is preparing a translation of "The Voyages of De Vries from Holland to America, in the years 1632-1644,"—a revised translation of "Megapolensis' Tract on the Mohawk Indians," with an Introductory Sketch of the Author, by J. R. Brodhead,— "The Jacques Papers," translated and arranged, with a memoir, by J. G. Shea,— "Broad Advice to the New Netherland Provinces," translated by Henry C. Murphy,— "An Extract from Castell's Discourse on America, 1644,"— "An Extract from Wagenaar, relating to the Colony of New Amstel, on the Delaware," translated by John R. Brodhead,— "The Seven Articles from the Church of Leyden, 1617," with an introductory letter, by George Bancroft,— "An Account of the Negotiations between New England and Canada, in 1660, embracing the Journal of Father DuRoi,"— "The Journal of the Proceedings of the First Assembly of Virginia in 1619." This Journal has long been regarded as lost. The Albany Institute have issued proposals for publishing a series of volumes on American History, from original manuscripts, to be called the "Historical Series of the Albany Institute." The first volume will contain "A Relation of the Beginning and Progress of King Philip's Indian War," written in 1675 by John Easton, with other Documents on the Indian Wars of New England, from unpublished records in the Archives of the State. The second will probably contain the "Records of Indian Affairs in the Colony of New York, from 1678 to 1751," by Peter Wraaxall. The Legislature of Rhode Island has ordered the printing of an octavo volume of manuscript documents, illustrating the colonial history of that State. The sixth and concluding volume of Mr. H. R. Schoolcraft's work on the "History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes in the United States" is completed. Several volumes, embracing results of the Japan Expedition, are likewise in the press, to be issued by the Government.—*Athenæum*.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, Jan. 7.—Mr. E. G. Squier read a paper, "On the Use of the Hieroglyphical or Graphic System of Mexico subsequent to the Spanish Conquest," in which he pointed out some of the leading peculiarities of this curious mode of conveying information or of recording historical events. Mr. Squier stated that these more recent MSS. were generally executed on prepared skins or native paper, but that sometimes they are found on cloth or paper of European manufacture. They are the work of early Spanish missionaries, or of natives employed by them, and their object was to convey doctrinal instruction, the legends of the Church, or the mysteries of the Christian religion, to the minds of the Indians through the medium of a system of representation already in existence. Mr. Squier added, that there were two systems of hieroglyphical representation belonging to the ancient people, that of Palenque, in Central America, which was nearly pure,—and that of Mexico, in the valley of the Anahuac, which was less perfect, was mixed and confused. The less perfect forms the Spanish priests succeeded in acquiring and adapting to their purpose,—the results of the labors of Testera of Bayonne, of Sahagun, Motolinia and Peter of Ghent, being sufficient evidence to what extent they had acquired and made use of the local system. To their efforts the large majority of the so-called "Mexican MSS." now in Europe, and which have been published by Lord Kingsborough, are really due.—Cardinal Wiseman exhibited a book just published in Rome by Prof. Garrucci, with the engraving of a representation lately discovered in the Palace of the Cæsars on the Aventine, scratched by some enemy of the Christians. It represents Our Saviour with an ass' head crucified, and a man standing by it; near it, in Greek, "Alexamenos adores God." The early date of this monument, apparently about the time of the Antonines, shows the existence of Christianity in the palace, and the calumnies propagated by the Roman authors. It is well known that the Basilidians and Gnostics asserted that the Christians worshipped a god with an ass' head.—*Athenæum*.